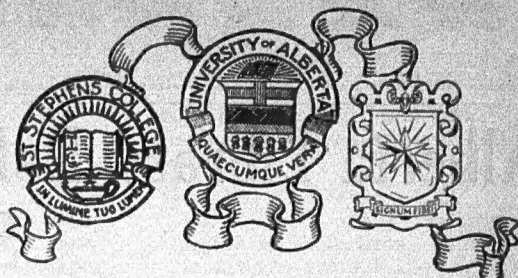


The Gateway



1910

1931

A Merry Christmas

1930

VOL. XXI, No. 10.

TEN PAGES

A Message From Dr. Wallace

There is a word which is frowned on by dictionaries and not admitted by Fowler, but colloquially has done service—the word innerliness. The Germans use a word which, like so many others, cannot be adequately translated—the word *Gemütlichkeit*. There is involved in both words the same sense of inner values, tenderness, neighbourliness, consideration for others, sincerity, the joy one gives to others in being one's own self. Must it be said that life has become so artificial that periodically, for the sake of our real selves, we have to come back to those simple virtues? Be that as it may, these are the Christmas virtues. The opportunity is given us once again to bring a special gift of joy to our homes, to our friends, to the friendless; and to add to the storehouse of our minds memories that shall be ever sacred. Once again, men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free shrill wind.

May the happy joys of the Christmas season, and the renewed vision which the New Year brings, be the gift at the passing of the year to all the students of the University of Alberta.



R. C. WALLACE,
President.

EDITORS OF THE GATEWAY SINCE 1910

1910-1911—A. E. Ottewell.
1911-1912—W. Davidson.
1912-1913—R. J. Gaunt.
1913-1914—G. W. Reeve.
1914-1915—S. R. Hosford.
November 1, 1915-February 15, 1916—H. A. Dyde (appointed Lieutenant in 202nd Battalion).
February 22, 1916-April, 1916—M. S. Kerr.
October 31, 1916-December, 1916—Alec R. Belcher (forced to leave University on account of ill-health).
January 16, 1917-April, 1917—A. W. McIntyre.
1917-1918—A. L. Caldwell.
1918-1919—W. M. Fleming (there was no issue of The Gateway in the fall of 1918 until December 20 on account of the influenza epidemic of that year).
1919-1920—Sid Bainbridge.
1920-1921—George V. Ferguson.
October, 1921-January, 1922—J. W. McClung (Constitution changed to provide that Editor-in-Chief should hold office during calendar year).
February, 1922-January, 1923—Wilfrid Wees.
January, 1923-March, 1923—Mark Levey (resigned).
October, 1923-December, 1923—John Cassels.
January, 1924-December, 1924—Bruce Macdonald.
January, 1925-March, 1925—Wesley T. Watts.
October, 1925-December, 1925—Walter B. Herbert.
January, 1926-December, 1926—Wesley Oke.
January 6, 1927—Sydney C. Stephens (resigned on account of ill-health).
January, 13, 1927—Wesley Oke (Provisional Editor).
January, 1927-March, 1927—John C. Marshall.
1927-1928—Max H. Wershof.
1928-1929—Matthew H. Halton.
1929-1930—Kenneth W. Conibear.
1930-1931—Lawrence L. Alexander.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS

This is volume twenty-one of The Gateway. Along the road it has already travelled it has had an interesting and varied history. Its form, size and appearance have been changed time and again as circumstances and finances have dictated. Yet in spite of all these outward changes, the spirit of the paper has been much the same. Through all the years since its beginnings The Gateway has stood for freedom of opinion. We think we may safely say that whatever may have been the opinions held by any editor of The Gateway, very few have ever refused

to publish contradictory opinions submitted by the students, when these have been such as to merit publication. We believe, too, that the policy of The Gateway has in the past been marked by a large degree of sanity and a spirit of fair play.

Those who have laid the foundations of our paper have established a tradition which will be difficult to maintain. The Gateway has come of age with an honourable history behind it. May those who in future guide its destinies see to it that, whatever the changing years may bring about, they follow to the end the vision of "Whatever things are true."

—L. L. A.

IN RETROSPECT

Once upon a time a new province called Alberta was added to the Dominion of Canada. And to the wise men who formed the first provincial government of that time it seemed good to found a university. So in September 23rd, 1908, five learned professors and forty-five unlearned students gathered at the Queen Alexandra School of the then City of Strathcona to make a beginning. So far as university life was concerned we had all our troubles before us and incidentally all our opportunities. There were no "traditions"; there was nothing in the way of organization; however, with the blissful optimism of ignorance we went to work. During the first session student activities were confined to such things as athletics, debating and the like, and the setting up of some sort of foundation organization. Naturally with such a small student body resources, both financial and in personnel, were strictly limited, and study was an important incidental of student life. Many of the students of that day were of fairly mature age and had waited some time for the chance to get an education. Also their resources for the most part were of their own procuring, so that no chances might be taken of not making good. Still they were in earnest about getting all the education possible, although the professors did interfere as much as possible by insisting upon attention to studies. Formal tests were held every month and there were two full dress final examinations each year.

In spite of such distractions the business of starting a student publication received early attention. Early in the second session (1909-10) Dr. Broadus invited A. J. Law, '11, and the writer to lunch at his home, and the matter was discussed. It was there and then decided that something might be attempted, and soon preliminary steps were taken. An editorial staff was organized and copy prepared. But the chilly wind of financial adversity proved too severe for the new venture, and the literary and other gems of that year never saw the light of day or the immortality to be attained by the medium of printers' ink.

But with the session of 1910-11 university affairs were moving forward rapidly. Enrolment passed the one hundred mark. Alberta College (now St. Stephen's) was nearing completion as the first building on the campus. Athabasca Hall was under construction, and there was a spirit of optimism abroad. Under these circumstances the venture of publication seemed sound. Under the date line of November 21st, 1910, issue number 1, volume 1, of The Gateway made its bow to a waiting world. The present staff are this year producing volume 21, so that the infant of 1910 reaches its majority during the session of 1930-31.

As the first editor-in-chief the writer has been asked to make some contribution to the current Christmas number. Truly the first days of The Gateway were interesting, though they were those of small beginnings. In the first place the question of a suitable name had to be settled. The name was finally selected from a number submitted in a competition. That the choice was sound may be disputed, but the very first editorial attempted to justify it in these words: "To the number of troubles under which a long-suffering student body labors is to be added yet another with the publication of this, the first issue of 'The Gateway.' As the name suggests, there is something unique about our position in this institution, the university farthest north in America and farthest west in Canada, standing at the portal of a great undeveloped and practically unknown region, rich in potentialities of future greatness. The University of Alberta may justly

be considered as the entrance to a great opportunity." With these words of dedication the editor of that day launched the frail new bark on the uncertain waters of college life and awaited the result.

Other editors have come and gone to distinction or oblivion. They have

FIRST EDITOR



A. E. OTTEWELL

First Editor of The Gateway in 1910. He is now Registrar of the University.

had their trials and triumphs. But it is doubtful if The Gateway has ever had more trying times or has been in any more precarious positions than during its first two years of life.

First in difficulty was the financial problem. No paternal Students' Council or Union guaranteed any sort of support. Students were free to subscribe or not as they saw fit, and not infrequently they did not see fit. And even if they had been one hundred per cent. loyal, their number was so small that the publication had no great appeal from an advertiser's point of view.

The custom was to prepare the copy for an issue and then sally out and see if sufficient advertisements could be secured to make publication possible. When the happy position was reached where enough space was taken the press would be started. Of course there was no University Press and so the Strathcona Plaindealer was the publisher.

Then scarcely had the session of 1910-11 been started when a typhoid epidemic broke out. One in ten of the entire student body was stricken, and one death of a student occurred. For a parallel situation at the present time there would have to be an outbreak with between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and seventy-five student cases. The imagination can scarcely picture such a state of affairs. But the proverbial ill-wind blew one bit of good in the direction of the university. Immediately following the outbreak the usual controversy over causes broke out. Of course the water must be all right. Was it not being taken from the river well above possible sewer contamination? The milk supply was suspected, but found innocent. To the late Professor Edwards came the distinction of definitely locating the trouble in the water supply. Investigation showed that owing to a peculiar ice jam the raw sewage was being forced by a sort of eddy above the intake pipe and being pumped into the water mains. Professor Edwards designed a chlorinating plant, and the epidemic halted almost instantly. So the young university had

(Continued on Page 2)

APPLIED
SCIENCE

AGRICULTURE

LAW

Alberta Library Delegates Hold Successful Conference Here

NINE IMPORTANT LIBRARY RESOLUTIONS PROPOSED—DELEGATES FROM ALL OVER PROVINCE ASSEMBLE—GAY RECEPTIONS AND LUNCHEONS AS BOOKSTERS STAGE GET-TOGETHER

The first conference on library service for the province of Alberta was held on Dec. 9 and 10 in the Senate Chamber of the University of Alberta. This conference undoubtedly marks another milestone in the progress of our province. The conference was a very representative one, and many interesting points were brought up by the speakers.

D. E. Cameron Speaks

Mr. D. E. Cameron, Librarian of the University of Alberta, gave the first paper on the "Survey of Existing Library Facilities, and Suggested Projects for Extensions." In the course of a very interesting and instructive lecture, Mr. Cameron said

that the old system of library units, separately administered and self-contained, had been remodelled into a national library system. The new tactical unit was no longer the isolated library, but rather a group of central administered libraries. The minor branches were supplemented by numerous book deposit stations, and under the ideal system a motor book van brings books to the very door of the people in the more isolated positions.

Continuing, Mr. Cameron dealt with two outstanding factors apart from the existing equipment in buildings and books relevant to the present situation. The first was the attitude and interest of the Provincial Government, and the second the preparedness of the people to co-operate in seeking to promote the general welfare of the province. The existing Library Act was sufficient evidence of the interest shown by the government in libraries as a whole. The propriety of the government aid to libraries was acknowledged, the aid given. Moreover, the government actually has the credit of initiating library extension by promising its dollar before the municipality. In this connection the principle as well as the practical aid was of importance. Practical evidence of the interest shown by the government was to be found in the many libraries in the province which were of government foundation.

Observations regarding present libraries were necessary, said Mr. Cameron. Firstly, these occupied strategic positions on the map of the province; secondly, they formed focal points for districts much greater than the definite constituencies they were designed to serve. Mr. Cameron pressed for legislative recognition of voluntary associations which dealt with the problem of library extension and co-ordination. Co-ordination was essential because the best library system was one which provided the individual with the book he wanted in the shortest time, even if it did not happen to have that book in stock. From this consideration came the ideal of a central reserve. These were the main problems facing the conference, said Mr. Cameron, and it would be foolish to look too far ahead in these matters, even though the desire to provide for the people of the province an efficient library service was based on some very impressive ethical ideas. The well-informed citizen was one who was actuated by a strong sense of social justice, and in times of stress the intelligence of the informed citizen was the last refuge of the community. Again there was no substitute for the satisfaction of the mind in individual life, and in the satisfaction of the mind there was no substitute for books. "Knowledge of good books and love of them are not to be regarded as accessories to the good life as medicine is accessory to health; they are in themselves for us, part of the good life that we desire."

Mr. J. J. Duggan, one of the representatives of the Edmonton Public Library, gave the second paper on a "Proposal for a Library Association for Alberta with Suggested Constitution and Aims." Mr. Duggan pointed out that the consideration of library service was something more than the mere administration of funds, it was a general ministry to the intellectual life of our people. As such it was limitless in the matter of individual ability to play its part. It was necessary to keep in touch with progress in other parts of the globe such as Great Britain and the United States, and to achieve the richest results a co-operative policy was essential. Isolation would have to be broken down and a Library Association would be substituted. The fact that the first step to establish such an association was taken ten years ago would preclude the necessity for giving reasons for such a move. A definition of its aims should leave it free to take any action that seemed proper for the promotion of the interests of the library service. As regarded the membership, it was felt that the greatest possible value would be gained by the inclusion not only of librarians and library boards' representatives but also representatives of such organizations as were present at the Conference.

Mr. Duggan then outlined the resolutions for such an organization, and these were referred to the end of the meeting.

The morning conference adjourned, and at 1:15 p.m. a luncheon was held in Athabasca Hall, the delegates being guests of the University. The speakers at this luncheon were Dr. R. C. Wallace and Dr. J. M. MacEachran.

City Librarian Gives Paper

At 2:30 the conference was recommenced, and Mr. E. L. Hill, the Ed-

monton Public Library librarian, gave an address on "Extension of City Library Service to Adjoining Districts." He dealt with library legislation, and said that he felt that little progress could be made without some changes in the Public Library Act. He noted summarily that in many parts of North America some legislation is far ahead of Alberta legislation. Even as far back as 1854 Canada, as it was then, had an act providing very liberally for public libraries. In 1920 Ontario, under a farmer's government, passed an act that is the most important of all Canadian Library Acts, making it possible for any city or town library to enter into contract with smaller places or organizations such as school boards, women's institutes, etc., whereby library service is extended to village and rural districts from the city or town in question.

In closing, Mr. Hill observed that this provision is in line with the development that has taken place in Great Britain. "Every country," he said, "has a library service extensive enough to reach every individual." Several shorter speeches followed that of Mr. Hill, and at 4:30 the conference adjourned for a reception by Dr. and Mrs. J. M. MacEachran, held in Assiniboia Hall.

The highlight of the morning conference of Dec. 10 was the paper read by Miss J. F. Montgomery on "Book Selection for the Small Library." Her speech was:

Highlight of Morning Speeches
"When I began to assemble my thoughts for presentation to you this morning, two pictures arose before my mind's eye, the originals of both in the U.S. One was of a library in a city, a most imposing building with a large staff for its various departments and all kinds of equipment for carrying on its work. I was taken through it by the librarian and shown everything except the books. On the street car on my way back to my hotel, a woman sat beside me with a book on her lap that looked like a library book, so, breaking through my Scotch reticence, I remarked, 'That's an interesting book you have,' and then, 'You have a fine library in this city.' 'Yes, so they say,' she replied, 'but I never go near it; it's too big and awe-inspiring, and I never can find the book I want; I get my books from a subscription library. I like it better.' And next day a business man, wide-awake and well-informed, told me that the city had spent so much on the building, on heating, lighting, staff and general equipment that there was little left for books, and there was great dissatisfaction throughout the city because of it."

"The other picture is of a small town in the middle west states. About 500 inhabitants here, mostly Scandinavians. They decided to have a library, so held a town meeting about it. After considerable discussion, in which they were at first agreed only on one point, viz., that they wanted the best they could get for their money and 'no rubbish,' they came to a second point of agreement to write to the State Library Commission for help in selecting the books. They began with 100 volumes. When I saw the library there were about 800 volumes, about 35 per cent. fiction, 25 per cent. children's books, and the rest a delightful collection of biography, travel, history, poetry, and useful arts; only a few of each, of course, most of travel, but all being read. A small empty store was rented, shelves put up, and good lights put in. The library was open two evenings in the week, Wednesdays and Saturdays. All help was voluntary. I spent half a week with them, helping classify and catalogue the books, and that store was a real community centre on those two evenings. Everybody came, it seemed, and everybody took either one or two books home. And when I looked over the shelves before closing up, I found that non-fiction shelves were as much depleted as fiction shelves."

"This is the first problem in book selection, how to make a very little money go a very long way."

"The second problem is that of the enormous and constantly increasing output of books. Each year it becomes more difficult to select from the mass of books turned out from the presses."

"The A.L.A. Manual on book selection, quoting from another authority, says: A library, however small, involves systematic selection and correlation of books. It must be built upon a plan and all materials that are to go into its making must be chosen to fit that plan, just as all the units that go to make up a house must be chosen to fit that plan. In a very small library, as in a very small house, the plan is very simple, but it is none the less essential."

"With all these problems—and others—to consider, it may easily be understood that the librarian who selects for the average small library, especially the librarian in such a position as we in Alberta, out of reach of the books themselves, can hardly have too many aids, provided they are reliable and he knows how to use them with discrimination."

"The librarian who has a good knowledge of publishing houses, their history and present status, has a great advantage in book selection over the one to whom the name of a house means nothing, although nowadays the boundaries between publishers are rapidly disappearing."

"Book reviews of course. These fall into two groups: those in the literary, scientific and technical

U. OF A. GRADUATE MAKES DISCOVERY

W. R. "Bill" Foster Succeeds in Discovering Cause of Berry Blight in B.C.

For many years, in the loganberry-growing districts of the west coast, the growers have had to contend with a drying-up of the berries that sometimes cut the crop 50 to 100 per cent. The cause was unknown, but it was believed that it was due to lack of moisture in the soil.

Last May W. R. "Bill" Foster was graduated from this University with a M.Sc. degree. He was appointed assistant provincial plant pathologist with laboratory facilities at Saanichton, near Sidney, on Vancouver Island. One of his first tasks was to make a study of the loganberry disease. It has just been announced that he has been successful in isolating one or more species of bacteria which he has used to inoculate loganberries. This inoculation produced a disease in loganberries and other similar fruits that is the same as the destructive disease prevalent in Vancouver Island and which causes the drying-up of the berries.

The discovery of the cause of the disease is hailed as a great step in combatting it. Methods of successfully dealing with the disease have not yet been found, but there is great hope that these will be found soon.

"Bill" is well-known around the University, having played hockey for several years, and being also coach of the ladies' team. He is an Edmonton boy, and received all his education in local schools. He entered the University with his senior matriculation and registered for a B.Sc. in Agriculture. He worked in the department of field crops for four years. In the spring of 1928 he became an assistant to Dr. Henry here, working for his M.Sc. in plant pathology. For his M.Sc. he wrote a thesis on "Overwintering of certain pathogenic organisms that attack wheat and cause various diseases." On his graduation he was recommended for the position of assistant plant pathologist at Saanichton, B.C., and has since been there.

BRILLIANT GRAD



W. R. FOSTER

Assistant Provincial Plant Pathologist in British Columbia, who has solved one of that province's most pressing fruit problems. He graduated with the degree of M.Sc. from the U. of A. last year.

RETROSPECT

(Continued from Page 1)

an opportunity to demonstrate the value of having scientific aid on hand in time of emergency.

Satisfactory though this may seem in retrospect it did not help the harassed editor of The Gateway. Both the business manager and the sports editor were stricken. Depression and gloom descended on the entire place, and the task of keeping going with lowered morale and weakened staff was decidedly up-hill. However, with the facile pen of L. Y. Cairns, '12, turning out his "Letters to Dad" and other productions of the Walt Mason school and the loyal co-operation of other members of the staff, in some way the issues came out regularly (more or less). Even present day students might get some amusement by looking into the pages of the thin bound volume to be found in the library. In those days were especially proud of the work of W. H. D. Miller, '13, our illustrator, who later fell victim after a brave fight to tuberculosis.

The next session, 1911-12, saw a

strong move forward. Walter Davidson, '13, a trained journalist, became editor-in-chief, supported by G. D. Misener, '12, as business manager. They proved a strong team and were well supported. The graduation class of 1912 were honored by a special graduation number, which may also be seen in the library. True, it has a somewhat attenuated appearance beside the year book of the present, but it represented a real achievement at that time. With the year 1912 The Gateway had come into its own very definitely, a few years later the original monthly became a weekly newspaper which would be missed as an integral part of our university life. Editors and business managers of succeeding years have built well upon the humble foundations laid by the pioneers.

Gateway, Vol. 3, No. 2—Nov., 1912
Wauneta Society

Beneath all the usual discussions on lectures, examinations, social events, etc., undercurrents of thought have been perceptible, chiefly in two directions. One concerns the beautifying of our academic halls. We have been hearing from various sources of the cultural effect of the physical surroundings in older universities, and we realize how much we in the west lack in this respect, removed so far from picture galleries and museums. A suggestion has been made by some of our women that in order to supply this the graduating class of each year might leave behind it something to help develop the aesthetic taste of our students; a picture or a small piece of statuary. Such can nowadays be procured at no great cost, and the influence upon ourselves and those who come after us would be of inestimable value. We leave this to the consideration of the men students.

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(Continued on Page 9)

NOTES FROM THE PAST

Below we print extracts taken more or less at random from Gateways of past years. Needless to say, the collection is far from complete, but some effort has been made especially to show the development of the paper itself since 1910. In the future we hope to publish as a regular feature of The Gateway a column containing the events of University life as portrayed by the files of The Gateway of ten and twenty years ago.

1910-11

Editorial, Gateway—Nov. 21, 1910

To the number of troubles under which a long-suffering student body labors is to be added yet another with the publication of this, the first issue of "The Gateway." As the name suggests there is something unique about our position in this institution, the University farthest north in America and farthest West in Canada, standing at the portal of a great undeveloped and practically unknown region, rich in potentialities of future greatness. The University of Alberta may justly be considered as the entrance to a great opportunity. Here, too, is afforded the sons and daughters of Alberta, many of whom would otherwise be unable to realize it, of securing a training which shall qualify them for worthy citizenship in this splendid new country.

The launching of this enterprise marks a step in advance. Two years ago we began with an enrolment of about forty, and today well over one hundred are in attendance. Then the production of such a journal as the one now being published was regarded as a remote contingency, but the time has come when a medium of some sort which will act as a register of student public opinion has become a necessity. The aim of the management shall be to promote the most cordial relation between faculty and students and in every legitimate way to advance the interests of the University. We believe that this journal will fill a real need and that it will more and more make its influence felt as a factor in student life. That it will be at once all that could be wished is hardly to be expected, but an honest effort will be made toward constant improvement.

During the term in addition to the usual items of purely local interest several contributions on topics of wider significance will be published. The editor wishes it distinctly understood that The Gateway assumes no responsibility for personal opinions expressed in contributions of this sort, as of necessity in the treatment of any question the writer must be allowed enough scope to impress upon it the stamp of his own individuality.

To those who have co-operated with us in making this venture a possible reality we take this opportunity at the outset of expressing our appreciation. We heartily commend them to our readers who may be intending purchasers as worthy of their confidence and patronage. We bespeak the continued support of those interested, and particularly of the students in the attempt to produce a publication worthy of the institution, the gateway of the Last West and of opportunity.

1911-12

The Gateway—October, 1911

The new building, our first home, is first-class, but already jammed full, not even a corner available for The Gateway office.

The second residential building is now under construction, and in a year's time should be ready for occupation. We understand that it is intended to be the teaching centre until the erection of the Arts Building. A gas plant is being erected on the grounds to the west of the present building. The manufactured article will be used in the laboratories.

Gateway—December, 1911

Dr. W—lls (at Archaeological Society Lecture): "Ladies and gentlemen, this society can scarcely realize what it owes to Professor Alexander; indeed it owes its very existence to him. Professor Alexander asked me to say too,———!!!"

FOR TAXI PHONE 24444

1913-14

Gateway, Vol. 4, No. 3

Flashes.—A function, to be called the Undergraduate Dance, is to be inaugurated early in January, and this session it will hold under the auspices of the students of the Faculty of Applied Science.

1915-16

Gateway—April, 1915

Building on the campus goes steadily on. This year Pembina Hall has been completed, and the Arts Building is well under way. We hope to be in our new Wauneta quarters next fall.

Gateway, Vol. 6, No. 1—Nov., 1915
Editorial.—The New Gateway.—With this issue the new weekly Gateway makes its bow to the world at large. The reasons for this step are numerous, and its advantages we think will quite justify the undertaking. In almost every university the trend seems to be towards either a weekly, semi-weekly or even daily paper, and there is every reason why Alberta should keep abreast of the times.

Gateway—Nov. 9, 1915

Editorial.—The Second Universities Company has been in action for the first time. When their chance came they acquitted themselves like heroes, and we feel all the more from Alberta took their full share. proud when we learn that the men That small group of men who were the first leave us last spring are surely playing the game, and are going to make a reputation which it will be difficult to maintain.

1916-17

January 16th, 1917

"On the front page will be found the first of the series of articles on alive questions of the day. We think this is a new departure on the part of The Gateway—going outside of the University for special articles from public men of the Province. We are sure that the innovation will meet with the approval of our readers and we hope it will be continued. Such work should tend to increase the interest of the public in the University and its work."

1917-18

December 20th, 1917

"We have observed a growing tendency to pass off clipped masterpieces of verse and worse on us as original matter. This we presume is the result of our plea for contributions and is to be expected. Originality first! Our aim is not the establishing of several independent clipping bureaux, but rather the development of whatever originality may be latent among us."

January 17th, 1918

"The second proposal which has come before the Students' Union and which we desire to discuss in these columns is the one that only students, alumni and their immediate relatives be admitted to our functions. Fundamentally our social affairs are as much a part of our education as our lectures, and there is as far as we know no altruistic movement on foot to admit to lectures those members of the community whom we might see fit to invite."

1920-21

President Tory Greets Tri-Weekly Gateway, Saturday, Oct. 2, 1920

With pleasure we welcome The Gateway in its new and expanded form. Since its inception in 1910 it has set for itself and maintained an honourable tradition amongst us. By this I mean that it has been sanely conducted and has expanded with the growth of the interests which it served. Beginning as a monthly in the days of small things, it soon became a weekly, and now as a joint

monthly and tri-weekly we desire to see it successfully maintain a large place in the life of the University.

Saturday, October 2, 1920

Notice.—Ex-President Taft will speak to the students in Convocation Hall tonight at 8 o'clock sharp. All students are requested to turn out and make the gathering as large as possible.

November 22, 1920

How can we get news hot from other universities into our columns? That is one of the problems that The Gateway has had to face recently. Other universities and colleges having the same difficulty, an effort at co-operation was made. Mr. Spry, of the Manitoban, the University of Manitoba's up-to-date weekly, took a personal interest in the problem. Last year he got in touch with the universities of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba to see what could be done. His efforts resulted in an organization called the University Associated Press. By this arrangement news of general interest such as inter-university games was to be sent by special delivery to the various papers. Thus The Gateway of 1919-20 was able to publish items from all Western Canada. However, several difficulties arose. Since The Gateway was published on Thursday and the most important affairs occurred on Saturday, outside news was usually cold. Also the special delivery system was soon

proved to be too slow. For the session of 1920-21 the University of Alberta, in co-operation with Manitoba, endeavoured to start a wireless news relay. Aerials are constructed on the roof of the Arts Building. However, the wireless system was soon found to be impracticable, and since both universities have changed their proposed tri-weeklies to weeklies such a fast exchange was not necessary. Mr. Spry again visited each of the western universities and reorganized the association. It was arranged that news of general interest should be wired, and the paper sending the item should pay for it. Further improvements were made by publishing The Gateway on Monday. It is now in a position to have press reports of not only our own week-end activities, but also of all the western universities. Attempts are being made to include the University of Washington in the association.

1921-22

January 19, 1922

The amendment to the constitution whereby the editor of the undergraduate publication is to hold office throughout the calendar year marks another milestone in the progress of our institution. Truly, it will be an experiment, yet, in so far as speculation unveils the future, we may say that the change proposes many excellent results which will accrue to The Gateway.

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Johnny Maxwell

1923-24

November 6, 1923

Railway Rates.—One of the most popular items of business at the Students' Union meeting last week was the decision to appoint a committee to endeavor to obtain cheaper railway rates for students returning home for Xmas. Every year at this time a very large number of students leave to spend the holidays at their homes in the various parts of this and the two adjoining provinces, and frequently it is necessary to add several cars to the C.P.R. Calgary-Edmonton train alone in order to accommodate the crowds going south.

Note.—The following fascinating news items gleaned by our Special Representative at the last moment has nothing to

do with "Notes From the Past" appearing elsewhere on this page.

The Eyes of Argus

Have seen many strange sights in their time. But it is always around the Xmas season that those eyes come in for some heavy duty stuff, and when we say heavy duty we mean heavy duty. For instance, just the other day, those eyes saw—

Vince Allen and Al Carscallen doing their Xmas shopping at Sobie's Silk Shop. Tsk, tsk!

And a Certain Turkey Vendor at the market asking Hugh Wilson and a certain Pembinitie if this was their first turkey.

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THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026

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CHRISTMAS—1930

To attempt a long dissertation on Christmas at this time, when more or less brilliant writers have done the same thing annually for nearly two thousand years is mere folly for the editor of a college newspaper. So we are making this as short as possible, yet at the same time we would attempt to capture if we can a little of that elusive thing so often termed Christmas spirit.

To students of the University Christmas marks pre-eminently a break in the year's work. It offers for a short time a respite from the dusty atmosphere of the classroom, from the reverberating clatter of our halls by day and their echoing stillness at night, from the incessant turmoil and hum of the residences, and from the frenzied clamour of The Gateway Office. To many of us it means home, and the fresh, warm smell of pine needles, in the flickering light of an open hearth fire. To all of us it should signify the remembrance of those dear to us.

May we of The Gateway join in wishing all of you a Merry Christmas and a New Year in which all of your hopes may be fulfilled.

SOME LIBRARY SUGGESTIONS

"The taste for good reading is one of the most precious possessions of life."

So said Andrew Carnegie, steel magnate. To prove that he believed in his contention, he organized the Carnegie Corporation, a body made up of two or three trusts for the handling of philanthropic monies. One of these trusts controls funds for use in the United States; one, funds for use in the United Kingdom, while a third fund is known as the Overseas Dominions trust. Millions of dollars in gifts for various educational purposes have been distributed since the inception of these trusts. As a result, libraries (in books and buildings), universities and colleges, newspapers, the arts, and researches of almost every description, in nearly all parts of the earth, have received invaluable aid. Here are a few of hundreds of instances, chosen from the Corporation's report of the 1929-30 fiscal year:

Cornell University: \$10,000 in support of a Fine Arts program.

Fisk University: \$50,000; library development.

Oberlin College: \$150,000 endowment, chair of librarian guaranteeing an income to the holder of approximately \$7,500 per annum (Oberlin is the largest college library in the United States).

University of Saskatchewan: \$16,500, for three years, in support of a chair of music.

Acadia University: \$200,000 endowment. (In 1929, a donation of \$5,000 was made, in support of adult education.)

Dalhousie University: \$400,000 endowment. (Donation of \$40,000 was made in 1929.)

It would require a large amount of space even to outline the great work of the Carnegie Corporation. One or two details deserve attention, however. For instance, Africa, from the Cape to Tanganyika, receives sums (1930 report) in excess of \$1,000 each for its public library movement, training of colonial students, support of native libraries and presses, Bantu studies, Bushman cave painting preservation, co-operative research, and at least a dozen other enterprises.

In order to permit this huge annual gift-making, the Corporation invests enormous sums in hundreds of different securities. Government bonds (American, Canadian, Japanese, etc.) are prominent in the list of investments. At the present time, approximately one million dollars in Alberta government debentures are held by the Corporation, with an interest yielding ranging from four and one-half to five per cent.

We have noted the generous sums given to Acadia and Dalhousie universities; let us deal with the west. British Columbia (the province), by the 1930 report, receives \$100,000, in \$20,000 annual instalments, for five years, to provide for a centralization of the Fraser Valley library system. ("Centralization" is explained in news reports on another page.) Our immediate sister university, Saskatchewan, benefits outlined above. With this latter exception, the prairie provinces (with particular reference to the universities, of course) have received little attention from the Corporation's officers.

Using as a basis the information regarding gifts to other universities, the programs of centralization being pursued elsewhere (particularly in England), and the fact that Alberta annually contributes some \$50,000 in interest to the Corporation funds, we very modestly advocate that one of the following suggestions be adopted:

(1) That, since the province of Alberta (to judge by the recent Library Conference report) requires aid in centralizing her library system, it is to the interests of a live-wire government with an eye to the future to do all in its power to interest the Carnegie people in Alberta's library development. The Corporation, generous to a degree, is not likely to overlook the prairie provinces for long. The wide-awake province will be the one to benefit when opportunities offers.

(2) That the Carnegie Corporation be approached by the Alberta government as a step to securing our long-awaited and much-needed university library. Should the Corporation, pursuing its new policy of



Gee, here it is almost Christmas time again, and we must go downtown and buy gifts that our friends don't want in order that we won't feel like heels when they give us something that we don't want in return. But that's the way it goes.

Merry Christmas

Law Student: I get up as soon as the first rays from the sun shine in my window.

Dean: That's a noble habit, but you must arise rather early sometimes.

Law Student: Oh, not so early. You see, my window faces west.

Merry Christmas

To that species of student known as the *genus tuber* we would suggest that a nice big noisy alarm clock would make an admirable Christmas offering to some of the professors.

Merry Christmas

If you would, until you are older,
That complexion of school-girls barbing,
Just take it from me,
Don't sit on his knee
Or dance with your cheek on his shoulder.

Merry Christmas

Fur coats must be warm, for if you stroke a cat you can hear it boiling. We've had similar experiences with some girls.

Merry Christmas

In Rome a part of a museum is devoted to statues of dying gladiators. The impression as one enters is that one has entered a room of dead men. We think, however, that the archaeologists have made a mistake. These statues were really meant to represent U. of A. students in characteristic poses.

Merry Christmas

Freshman: I wonder what your father will say when he knows that we are engaged?
C-ed: Oh, he'll be delighted. He always is.

Merry Christmas

Grace: Why does your new boy friend wear such loud socks?
Jean: So his feet won't go to sleep.

Merry Christmas

Although many may resolve to turn over a new leaf with the coming of the New Year, we'll bet that it won't be in text-books.

Merry Christmas

Cheer up. The holidays are almost here. Some will go to work in shoe stores; the engineers will catch up on their drawing; the freshmen and freshmenes will return to their mammas and paps and tell won-

increasing the efficiency of institutions by endowing or otherwise assisting particular departments rather than aiding in building construction, see fit to reject this proposal, we suggest an alternative:

(3) That the Board of Governors of the University consider approaching the Carnegie Foundation for a grant to found a School of the Fine Arts, for which there is now specific need. The Gateway is of the opinion that there has of recent years been a marked increase of interest in music and painting, for example, which merit careful encouragement by the University, and we trust it is not impertinent for us to urge whole-hearted and immediate action by all concerned.

(4) Perhaps, as in B.C., the field for Carnegie effort lies outside the University, however, and, if so, nothing is more desirable than that our School Library system should be revived. Any new life sent pulsing through that system will in its turn stimulate the University.

—G. N. I.

STREET-RAILWAY SERVICE AND THE UNIVERSITY

A letter appearing this week in our Correspondence columns calls attention to a controversy which is once again under way, the perennial question of street-railway service to the University. In the City Charter there is a clause which specifically provides that street-railway service shall be provided to the University. One of the Aldermen was reported recently to have remarked that in laying a street-railway track along 109th street, and in maintaining service on it, the city was fulfilling its obligation to provide this service. We would like to invite that Alderman to walk the half mile from the car line on 109th street to the Arts Building some winter morning with the thermometer at forty below, or to slither some night down the dimly-lit, ice-covered walks of 88th avenue, and ask him in the light of these experiences whether or not he considers a street-railway line half a mile from the University provides adequate "service."

There has been some talk of placing busses on this route. We doubt very much that this would afford either a satisfactory or permanent remedy for present difficulties, or future ones. The City is already provided with a certain amount of rolling-stock for the street-railway. Should an emergency arise, or should an unusually large crowd require transportation, an additional street-car could be placed upon the line, but the purchase of an additional bus for such an occasion could not possibly be warranted. Furthermore, the new districts opening up beyond the University grounds are likely in the near future to demand transportation facilities. A street-railway line would be the best method of serving these.

Whatever is done, some immediate move should be made. As we have already pointed out, to say that a car line on 109th street provides street-railway service to the University is ridiculous, and whether street-cars or busses are placed on this route it is time the City of Edmonton commenced to fulfil its obligations.

drous tales of Varsity life; the sophomores will go back to their tank towns and amaze the village wits little more junior than ever, and the seniors may or with their worldly knowledge; the juniors will be : may not realize just how little they know and what an infinitesimal cog they are in a big machine. The House-Eccers will poison their friends at a Christmas party; and the professors will absorb more of somebody else's ideas on their own particular specialty. The Aps will get some real knowledge in their own home barnyard, and the Meds and Dents will continue to be Meds and Dents. The theologs will decorate the churches and look benevolent on Christmas day, and the Arts students will study art in the moonlight. As for the rest of us, time will tell, but there will be doings done.

Happy New Year



UNNATURAL SELECTION

University of Alberta,
December 13, 1930.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I wish to use your columns, sir, to protest against the procedure at present adopted for the selection of partners for the Christmas banquet. While all arrangements for the function of this evening are now complete, so that such a protest as this can have no immediate effect, I feel that it is timely for the sake of future generations of students to point out what, however unpredictable they may have been two weeks ago, may now be seen as the inevitable consequences of such a procedure.

The system or procedure to which I object is that of lottery, and the consequences which make this system seem to me condemnably objectionable are the formation of compensation pools for the benefit of those upon whom fate, if not thwarted by the machinations of man—or woman—would least kindly smile.

That system was adopted a year ago in preference to the old system of choice, in order to provide partners for the more unbefriended of those large hordes of freshmen and freshmenes who, under recent conditions and regulations had crowded into residence. Its purpose, quite explicitly stated recently, is to bring the wall-flowers of our residence society into mutually harmonious relations with the more assured elements, by an extension of the Christmas spirit to assist them for a time to forget, or in happier cases for all time to escape from, their well-flower-escence.

But it happens unfortunately that the state of the wall-flower is often one with the state of the lemon, or the ham. The consequences are, therefore, that some of the most dyed-in-the-wool of those wall-flowers for whose particular benefit this system has been adopted, lose all the pleasure of escaping for a moment from the state of wall-flower-escence by the realization that they emerge thus only to shine lustroously as lemons or hams. The discomfort, I insist, sir, of those few who discover themselves so shining and of those many who are unaware whether or not they do so shine much outweighs the pleasure brought to those who without this event would rest in the obscurity of wall-flower-escence. The system, I protest, defeats its own object.

It would be easy enough to condemn the practice of forming compensation pools; but human nature in spite of condemnations is human nature; and if the practice continues to grow in years to come as it has grown from last Christmas to this, our lottery will soon enough become as extended, and as profitable for a few, as the Calcutta Sweepstake. I insist, sir, that if the present procedure is continued its objectionable consequences will grow without limit from year to year.

It would be easy enough also to argue that the lemon and the ham, since they are adjudged such by their external appearances, might learn their true category without pain and without bitterness. After all, it may be said, even the judge will admit that his judgment is made on the most superficial and least important of qualities, that it is hastily formed, and that it takes no account of those virtues of character and intellect which may more than redeem all the defects of appearance. But again human nature is human nature, and those that are the least beautiful are often the most touchy on the subject. I insist, sir, that the pain of the acknowledged lemon and ham exceedeth the pleasure of the temporarily transformed well-flower.

May I recapitulate. The system at present in use has certain consequences, which are unavoidable, which in turn have further consequences, similarly unavoidable, which are directly opposed to the purpose of the system. I think that all will admit the force of the argument if they agree as to the inevitability of the train of consequences. And on this matter I know most thoroughly whereof I speak, as I have just recently gone through the very harrowing experience of being the sole and all-responsible judge of lemons for one of the biggest of the pools formed.

I would not, sir, hesitate to set my name to this expression of opinion if my doing so might not make it clear to certain semi-finalists in the contest of which I have just spoken exactly why their newly-allotted partners took pains to introduce them to my particular self. To prevent their discomfort I shall sign myself,

Yours sincerely,

ANYONE.

STREET RAILWAY SERVICE

Monday, Dec. 15.

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—Some few weeks ago it was mentioned in one of the city's

Students' Union Official (at the end of a long speech): "Gentlemen, a man is known by his works." Voice from gallery: "Then yours must be a gas works."

Happy New Year

He: "I spotted you bathing this morning with your rubber hippopotamus."

She: "Pardon me, but that was my mother."

Merry Christmas

Now that Theatre Night, the snake dance, and Med Night with its attendant battle has passed into history, why not start a gigantic snowball fight between the faculties as an annual event? The only stipulation should be that it must not be staged in the vicinity of a gravel pit!

Merry Christmas

dailies that a new committee had been delegated to confer with the University authorities re street railway service. Might one of the many users of the present service exhort the University to stand its ground, and if necessary, use retaliating methods to get the needed improvements?

To use rather picturesque adjectives, this present service is "putrid" and "dead on its feet." According to the Handbook, service northwards is at two-minute intervals, while service southwards is at eight-minute intervals. Why the difference? Why not have this reversed so that one might stand a chance of a chance of arriving on time for an eight-thirty?

Another little peculiarity of the street railway is the "double-car system." Every morning cars pass

Ninth and Jasper coming south, in pairs, with enormous gaps. The first is always packed, the second deserted. Not only that, but the last pair of cars is invariably late. The logical thing would be to spread out the service to, say, four-minute intervals.

Then again, the usual fuss over bus-service will come up. If this fair city can buy five new, modern, efficient trams, it certainly could provide three buses, or even two, for an extension service to the University.

This institution, as the Edmonton Journal says, contributes a stupendous sum to the business of this city and to the payroll. We can only expect in return a little consideration from the city in regard to the street railway.

Yours sincerely, "W.A."

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The Sow's Ear

Marmaduke Wilfordham Twynney, deceased, was disconsolate. In all the two hundred and fifty years since he had sloughed off his fleshly exterior, never had he felt so low. As he sat hunched behind the wainscoting of Sir Wilfordham Twynney-Twynney's library, he mused sadly over his present despondency. Gone was the zest which had made his work enjoyable, gone was the pride of craftsmanship which had lent to his every action an artistry rare indeed among ghosts. Perhaps it was this which rakkled most, this loss of pride, this agony of abasement, this tormenting loss of self-respect. As Marmaduke looked back on the past centuries, and recalled the tradition he had built up, when he reviewed in his sad mind the originality of his performance, the consummate virtuosity which had hitherto shown in every detail of his art, and when he compared this past with the mechanical, inartistic, commonplace haunting which he had provided recently, he felt a surge of bitter revolt against immortality, he felt an almost mortal dissatisfaction. Now take last night, for instance, he had gone through his regular routine from 12 to 2 a.m., but with what lack of spirit. He knew the act cold. Up along the wainscoting back of the library on the stroke of twelve, groaning very gently; in through the east wing to the old first baronet's bedroom. Here he went through the suicide sequence, a first-rate act when his mind was on his work, with sobs and revolting gurgles as the knife did its work. At one, he was back in the west wing, doing the dungeon scene, with bones stripped of flesh, a rotting shroud, rusted chains and glaring eyeballs. This act had held them spellbound for generations. From one to two a.m., he haunted the picture gallery—a rare piece of art when he was at his best—appearing now from one portrait, now from another, throwing his whole soul into a realistic interpretation of the whole line of Twynney's for seven generations, acting now the drunkard, now the maniac, now the cynical jester. It was generally conceded at Twynney Towers that his representation of Sir Batholomew, obit 1796, "Mad Bart" as he had been called, who slew his wife in a drunken frenzy and then dashed himself to death on the flagstones below the Old Tower, was perfection itself. And just look at the way he had gone through his work the last few nights! At twelve, with a laborious resignation, he had plodded dutifully along behind the wainscoting, emitting his gentle groans. But he was not in good voice—his groans lacked that hollow timbre for which he was justly famous, their resonance was impaired, they lacked all dramatic effect, he had merely groaned from habit, and while his groans were still superior to most groans, his artistic soul revolted at their inadequacy, and becoming suddenly self-conscious, he blushing ceased these travesties on his true capabilities. With his morale more than half gone, he gave a me-

anically perfect performance of the suicide sequence, but it was not his old self. The hand that slashed his throat no longer shook in realistic tremor, but with infinite boredom carelessly slashed the head from the body. The sobs and gurgles were good, but far removed from those terrifying, very, soul-destroying sounds which had curdled the blood of 573 guests in the east wing—they were obviously not coming from the heart, there was no feeling in them, they were like ordinary sobs or gurgles, they were not those Marmaduke sobs and gurgles which had made strong men blench and big game hunters snivel like cuffed urchins. The dungeon scene was even more of a failure. His chains seemed to have lost their tone, and half the time he forgot to rattle them, he got careless and let his shroud cover his mealy, flesh-stripped shins, and the glare in his eyeballs was fitful, almost mild, well-nigh cheerful. With supreme disgust from his own sense of failure, he went through the picture gallery, hurrying now from a sense of shame that his performance should be so inadequate, slew his wife in his character of "Mad Bart," forgetting half of his lines, and threw himself in a crisis of dejection down to the flagstones, too sick at heart even to thud as he landed. With head sunk on his breast, shoulders hunched, hands dangling listlessly between his bony knees, Marmaduke, squatting on his chains behind the library wainscoting, mused over his decline in his craftsmanship, and over the frustration of his hopes which had caused this decline. It was damned thoughtless of the present Sir Wilfordham to sell that part of his property, damned thoughtless. He might have known that Marmaduke loved roses, especially damask roses, and he might have known that Marmaduke wasn't the type to go trespassing to admire them. For centuries Marmaduke's sole recreation, his sole hobby, had been to stroll down there in the arbour, after his work, and admire those roses. What sheer delight to touch them with his fleshless fingers, to twine them round his headless neck, to dance round the bushes on his clattering feet! And now they were sold to the adjoining castle, Wondham Manor, where the ghost had for years been a third-rater, a mere mountebank, from whom no real artist would think of asking a favour. What use to go through the routine with no orgy of playing with the roses to look forward to, what use to perform without the bouquet. Did Sir Wilfordham think that he could go on with his now meaningless routine for aeons, and no roses? Did Sir Wilfordham think that he could work night after night, century after century, and no recreation, no hobby? Marmaduke shuddered at the thought, his British doggedness, the Twynney obstinacy rose in him. He'd jolly well show them, and with a bursting carol of maniac laughter, he started on his rounds at noon, bellowing from behind the wainscoting, in the east wing and in the west wing, in the first baronet's bedroom and in Sir Wilfordham's bedroom, along the picture gallery and down to the flagstones, shrieking at his loudest voice all of the domestic scandals which he had observed in the Twynney-Twynney family of this generation, while maids fainted, footmen fled in horror, the guests stared, terrified but interested, and Sir Wilfordham chewed his straggling moustache in silent mortification.

Yours spiritually,
AREOPERIMETER.

The Rolling Stone

By Mugwump

Sometimes we wish that we were living in the Stone Age. Life is getting too complex, too formal. We go into our class rooms and sit down beside another student, but if we haven't met formally on some previous occasion probably neither of us speaks. We may be well aware of one another's names, and even know more intimate details about one another; we may meet daily in the halls or on the streets, yet we might better be total strangers. Moreover, if we happen to be of opposite sex we may desire all the more to speak with one another, but the bonds of convention keep us from doing so. Oh, for the good old days when it was the thing for the hairy male to grab the woman of his choice by the hair, drag her to her cave, and make her like it!

The more we ponder about it, the more we wonder why we are all so strained, so unnatural. Why shouldn't we be ourselves and do as our better sense dictates?

There are those among us whom we should like very much to know, yet our social system demands that we be introduced. But why? The desire to meet one another may be mutual, then what possible difference can the formal introduction by a third party make to one another? Why shouldn't we stroll up to those whom we desire to meet and say something like this: "Pardon me, but I think I should like to know you. Is the desire mutual?" In that way we might avoid being introduced to those whom we have no desire to meet, but make the opportunity to meet those whom we desire to know.

We worked for five years in a large railroad shop with a chap of about our own age. For the first year we were very good friends. At the beginning of the second year a difference arose between us. Our friend emphasized his remarks by throwing a pail of water at us, including the pail. We responded by pushing over an anvil. Henceforth neither of us ever spoke to the other except on purely business matters. Personally we held nothing against him, and we were reasonably sure that he held nothing against us, but imagined pride kept us from renewing our old friendship. Such is life.

An Elementary Campus Geography

By B.C. and A.D.

Situation.

This interesting locality is situated approximately thirty-seven blocks, three stumbles and one extremely painful wrench of the internal mechanism from the Hotel Macdonald. It is chiefly remarkable as being in the immediate vicinity of a much frequented beauty spot which bears the distinctive armorial device "two doughnuts rampant and a milk-shake gules upon a field of waffles azure." Separation from the adjacent metropolis of Edmonton is geographically effected by the Saskatchewan River, and otherwise by certain edicts of the disciplinary authorities.

General Description.

The Campus has been mistaken for a barracks, a brewery and a battlefield, but never, on any occasion, for a seat of academic learning. Viewed from the air, provided the altitude is sufficiently elevated, the architectural scheme presents nebulous indications of pretensions to rudimentary symmetry. At one thousand feet d'sillusionment on this point occurs. At sea-level the whole is invisible. In reality the constituent edifices assume the form of eight bent fish-hooke, a maze and a New Year's Eve.

Approaches.

Access from the North is gained by the High Level Bridge, a structure remarkable both for the amount of superfluous ironwork involved in its construction and its capacity for generating high-power draughts. Owing to the fact that the path of civilization is from east to west, access from the west is negligible. Unfortunate individuals not familiar with the locality have been known to approach from the east and south.

Origin.

The Campus was invested with legal standing in 1906, but its history is confidently believed to date back to a considerably earlier period. Antiquary research has led to several outstanding conclusions in this connection. Recent mechanical excavations in the neighbourhood of the Power Plant, the nature of which left the residences in darkness for some time, were responsible for the discovery of the relics of a system of drainage which has been attributed to the primitive Etruscans. The walks of the pattern instituted by Queen Elizabeth subsequent to the episode of Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak still remain. Substantiation of the belief that the Campus was inhabited by prehistoric monsters even before the arrival of the first President is afforded by the presence before Athabasca Hall of two striking specimens of the dental battery of a diplodocus. The foundation of the University Farm is attributed to Cincinnatus when, after his Dictatorship, he was attempting to discover a locality where even the Roman Genius of the Mediterranean World would fail to penetrate.

Fauna.

The Fauna of the Campus is chiefly composed of the University Herd of Tuckshop Terriers augmented by a contingent of pretentious Pomeranians, three inebriated kittens and covey of cockroaches. The Honorary President of the Combined Canine Society (Session '30-'31) is "Pal" (Suite 43, V.T.S.). The Travelling Secretary is a thin, white dog with a brown nose and a worried look who has no fixed abode as far as can be ascertained. The cockroaches are fully represented throughout the Campus and are notable for the length and frequency of their nocturnal hikes.

Note.—Janitors, Students and Professors are considered under the separate Category of Inhabitants.

Flora.

The Campus is well represented in the world of Flora. It is notable that many of the specimens grow upside down in total darkness in the cupboards of Room 244, North Laboratory, or right way up in the overpowering hothouses at the rear of the residences in a 50,000 Candle Power Light. Other specimens of Flora flourish in Pembina, this last class reaching the highest stage of development. In addition, a few hundred genera of Triticum, Avenae, Hordeae, Coreale, and Leguminoae are to be found struggling for existence in the most unexpected places.

Inhabitants.

The Campus is inhabited by three distinct human species, namely, Professors, Students and Janitors. These are on view at all times including Sundays. The first species may be studied to the best advantage from 8:30 to 4:30 on week-days. Their habitats are various. They may be readily recognized by their protective colouring which enables them to pass from place to place with a minimum of difficulty. Further differentiation may be established by the careful observer by the nature of their individual peculiarities. After the manner of Julius Caesar ("De Bello Gallico," Bk. I, Cap. I) all Students are divided into four parts, namely, Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman. These are not easily distinguishable except by the degree of boredom physiognomically evinced. They are not generally gregarious and are well known for their capacity for penetrating the inmost haunts of gilded vice. They may be found in large quantities at C.O.T.C., Saturday Night Dances, Chem. 1 and Eng. 2. Food for the mind of the psycho-analyst is also to be had in Athabasca Dining Hall and The V.T.S. Janitors are easily identified by their white coverings, though these should not be confused with the more voluminous apparel of the Science Student.

Industries.

The major industries of the Campus are Bridge, Dancing and Twit-

tering.* By way of diversion, Athletics of the more strenuous order and facilities for Academic learning are provided; these, however, are definitely of minor importance.

*The inhabitants of the Campus are considered among the most accomplished exponents of the art of Twittering extant.

Government.

There are some 57 varieties of Presidents or Chairmen together with a similar number of Honorary Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Secretary-Treasurers and some 250 Executives. In addition there is a small quantity of Representatives of different sorts. The remainder of the student inhabitants of the Campus, who are distinctly in the minority, hold the proud distinction of being electors pure and simple.

Places of Interest.

1. **Pembina**—The interpretation of this word is "the goal of the brave and the home of the fair." Its inner reaches have seldom, if ever, been penetrated by man. For this and other reasons it is well known for its magnetic influence upon the male student. The name Pembina must not be confused with Pontus, the home of the Ancient Amazons, though points of intrinsic similarity undoubtedly exist. We take the opportunity here to refute the rumour that there is any connection between Pembina and the Pilgrim Fathers.

2. **University Farms**—The chief point of interest in connection with the University Farm is its alarming mobility and the fact that it is, at present, a Sabbath day's journey from any of the other Campus institutions. The Farm Elevator together with the Parliament Building and the Rene le Merchand Mansions form the most distinctive landmarks in the district. The farm is located between the South Side Cemetery and the crookedest set of car lines in the province.

3. **The Grid**—The practice so popular among the inhabitants of Pembina known as "going down to grid" evinces their lively interest in co-educational Rugby. It is rumoured that the Grid is also the scene of Track and other Athletic events.

4. **The Rink**—Visitors are especially welcome to the Rink, as it has not yet been paid for, and the Entrance fee is 35c, or \$2 per season. Its financial organization is similar to that of the London Hospitals wherein is embodied the excellent underlying principle that "if we are not in debt we have no reasonable excuse to ask for money."

5. **The Varsity Tuck Shop**—Those desirous of studying representative Campus life in tabloid form are advised to visit the Varsity Tuck Shop. The compilers of the above geography hope that it will be of interest and of use especially to those desiring to formulate a correct impression of Campus life.

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Santa Goes on Strike

By M.

Scene: The interior of an igloo very near the North Pole.
Time: 4:30, Dec. 24, 1930.

Characters: Mr. and Mrs. Santa.

Stage Directions: All through the play, a blizzard is raging outside, and gusts of snow are blown through the cracks in the door, while the wind sweeping through the room, keeps the candles in a constant flutter, and blows about the rough canvas covering on the window. Mr. Santa (right) is dressing in preparation for his annual journey, and Mrs. Santa (left) is bustling around, getting supper ready.

Mr. Santa (in a bad humour): Give me a hand with these confounded boots, will you, Mary? I can't get them on. I don't see why I have to tug up in this stupid outfit every year. Of all the uncomfortable—

Mrs. Santa: We have this fuss about the boots every Christmas. I do wish you'd start breaking them in a few days ahead of time, instead of leaving them every year until the very last minute.

Mr. S. (tugging): I know, I know. I've heard that before. As if it isn't bad enough going out on a night like this without you nagging at me. I know I've always left them till the last minute, but I've always managed all right.

Mrs. S.: Yes, and you've always made this fuss—

Mr. S.: Oh, it's all very well for you to talk. You can stay home by the fire and enjoy your Christmas, while I always have to go out on this wild-goose chase. Listen to that wind! I'd like to see you starting off in it.

Mrs. S.: Hurry, dear, it's getting on for five o'clock, and supper's on the table.

Mr. S. (brushing his beard): Be there in a minute. Don't let me be late getting started this year, will you? I'll never forget what a rush it was last Christmas. There's one blessing; we have only a light load tonight.

Mrs. S.: And the reindeer are in much better condition than they've been for a long time. I was out looking at them just a few moments ago, and I've never seen them so eager to be off.

Mr. S. (not pleased): They are, are they? Well, they can go by themselves if they feel like that. I'd be glad enough to stay home.

Mrs. S.: I've made pea-soup, San. I thought you'd like it.

Mr. S. (more affable): Good! You know, Mary, I think I'll have to get a new picture of myself. The one they are copying from now was taken about twenty years ago, and it doesn't look in the least like me.

Mrs. S.: Yes, do. Get one taken the day after Christmas before you shave again. I'd like a new one myself.

Mr. S.: Boy, won't I be glad when the twenty-sixth comes and I can shave! By the way, how does my beard look?

Mrs. S.: Well, it's not bad, but it's shorter than most years. I think

you should really start growing it in September again, as you used to. When you wear a college moustache all year, and don't start letting it grow until the middle of October, you are asking a lot to expect to have a full-length beard by Christmas. You know, I really think you're getting old enough to wear your beard all the year around now.

Mr. S.: You do, do you? Well, I wish you had to wear it, nasty, hot, uncomfortable, tickly—

Mrs. S.: Ready for more coffee? I made it nice and strong tonight, to keep you wide-awake on your drive.

Mr. S.: Heaven, I wish I didn't have to go out. I've half a mind to stay home. I'm not appreciated now as I used to be anyway—so many cheap imitations. You see them on every street corner, some of them evening ringing silly little bells. I've a good mind not to go.

Mrs. S.: I'll leave the coffee-pot on the stove and something in the oven, so you can have a hot meal as soon as you get in.

Mr. S.: I told you, I've a good mind to stay home—did you hear? I detect this long beard and these—

Mrs. S.: I think the wind's going down a bit now.

Mr. S.: Oh, you do, do you? I wish you had to go out init. You know I have a bad cold, and a night's driving in this wind will put me in bed for a week.

Mrs. S.: But San, dear—

Mr. S.: And you have no idea how drafty most people's chimneys are. They all know I'm coming, but very few of them have enough consideration for me to put their fires low for one night.

Mrs. S.: Maybe they want it to look cheerful when you—

Mr. S.: Maybe—maybe this and maybe that. They don't think about me, that's all. After two or three minutes in a hot chimney, to go driving around in a wind like tonight's—you know that's bad for a cold. I should be in bed right now.

Mrs. S.: I know, dear, but it's only one night, and I think—

Mr. S.: You do, do you? Well, one night's quite enough with these heavy boots and this beastly beard. I wish you had to wear them. That wind's getting worse than ever. I'm not going out—I'll send the things by plane.

Mrs. S.: But San, the children will be so disappointed. They're all so painfully good for weeks in the hopes of seeing you.

Mr. S.: Disappointed nothing! They're always in bed when I get there, and if they do happen to turn over in their sleep and see me, they only say, "Gee, Pop has a swell outfit on this year. Wonder where he picked it up?"

Mrs. S.: Oh, surely not!

Mr. S.: But they do! I heard them last year, lots of them. Here, help me off with these confounded boots and let me get to my razor. I'm staying home this year.

Curtain.

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A CRITIQUE

By Stanley Smith

The final curtain has been rung down on the Eleventh Inter-year Play Competition. Such a reflection, in the mind of one who, like the writer, has seen all the forty-four short plays of the series, might pardonably lead in sentimental fashion to reminiscent anecdote. Much as one would like to succumb to this temptation, the sterner duty of attempting to write a critique of this year's competition imposes itself upon me, or rather was imposed upon me by a Gateway official.

In its desire to get a frank criticism of these annual performances and of other phases of University life, The Gateway shows a healthy spirit, for which it should be greatly commended. It is becoming increasingly apparent that the opportunity for free expression of opinion and for the exercising of the critical faculty in print will soon be limited to those in this Dominion, who write in the columns of the University journals (perhaps one should say some of the University journals) and the "Canadian Forum."

Freshman Play

It is very difficult to make any constructive criticism of the Freshman Play, "The Warrior's Husband," which was in the nature of a burlesque on an incident in mythology treated in a very free and easy manner by the author. The intention of the author as far as one can see, was to strive for a few humorous situations by an exaggerated inversion of the conventionally accepted and cruder characteristics of men and women. Such a scheme necessarily robs the characters of character, if the Irishman may be permitted; consequently there can be no development of a situation which could be of interest from a dramatic standpoint. The acting therefore readily develops into buffoonery. It is true that Mr. George Robey has made an enviable reputation by impersonating masculine women such as the Widow Twankey, but a burlesque depending on a bevy of George Robeys and one of an inverse type is too difficult to

be attempted by budding amateurs, especially if, as is here the case, the dialogue is so lacking in originality and genuine humour. Lewis Thomas as Homo made a consistently studied attempt to be effeminate and was for the most part successful. One could admire his efforts, but at the same time one could not avoid that rather unpleasant feeling which some of the more decadent of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings are apt to arouse. Margaret Craig as Hippolyte might have used a good voice to advantage if the opportunity had been afforded her. There was a great deal of indiscriminate moving about the stage, and the gestures of Leo Kunelius as Hercules were too mechanical, monotonous and lacking in significance. George Poole as Theseus opened well, but soon had to capitulate to the spirit of the piece. The earthenware basin, wrapped in brown paper, was not a happy touch.

Junior Play

The management was considerate enough to allow a sufficient interval to elapse before the curtain rose on the next play; so that the audience was able to achieve the grim state of mind necessary for an appreciation of the opening barrage of the "Drums of Oude." The Junior Play was a much more promising medium for dramatic expression. At times one really felt the tenseness of the situation, thanks to the good interpretation by Chris Jackson of the part of Capt. McGregor. Mr. Jackson, who of course has had a good deal of experience in acting, exercised the strictest economy of movement. Sometimes perhaps he was a little too passively rigid even when one made allowances for the state of preoccupation of his mind and for his desire not to raise alarm in his companions. One felt, too, that the qualities of decision and of command were not emphasized sufficiently.

The supper scene was fairly convincing, but the sentimental episode at the piano failed to make the appeal it should have made, even though the sentiment was a trifle mid-Victorian. Carman McKim as Lieut. Hartley did not give one the feeling that here was a young officer just recently plunged into the mysteries of life in India, although he acted fairly successfully as a contrast to the imaginative McGregor. It was rather confusing to hear Hartley refer to his sister as Mrs. Hartley during the supper scene, and his exclamation on seeing the murdered sentry, "They have cut his throat!" was uttered too melodramatically. Mrs. Clayton, played by Gwen Pharis, made by far too hysterical an entrance, but she improved very much in the dialogue at the supper table. She failed, however, to make an adequate contribution to the sentimental scene at the piano. The effect of the whole play was sadly marred by the closing scene and the final curtain: lights went up and down at random, miles of fuse, like an emaciated python, seemed to dominate the stage, the coming of the Highlanders was unannounced, and the curtain came down on a scene of confusion.

The whole atmosphere of the play would have been enormously improved if the two Hindustani servants had not looked like the "Two Black Crows," and emulated some of their antics. Their movements were not stealthy enough and their salaams were incorrect and very poorly done. The setting as a whole was very well conceived and executed, except for the final fiasco, but surely the drums should have been of the tom-tom rather than of the rolling variety; this would have greatly enhanced the oriental atmosphere.

Sophomore Play

"Prince Gabby," the Sophomore Play, although the incident was a

WON BY SENIORS



THE INTER-YEAR PLAY SHIELD

Won by the Senior Play, "The Monkey's Paw," on December fifth.

little trite, had the cleverest dialogue of the evening. J. A. Farrell as Prince Gabby was very successful in depicting the unblushing audacity and the masterly resource of the fellow even when caught red-handed in the act of burglary. T. C. Byrne was convincing as Mr. Canton. The dialogue between the two men was quite entertaining and ran very smoothly. Miss Hammond in the part of Mrs. Canton, although she looked very charming, failed to make the most of the opportunities afforded her. Her voice lacked inflexion and expression, with the consequence that the significance of her remarks was often totally lost, or at any rate these were not given their proper value in the dialogue. The lighting in this play was not very skillfully arranged. Faces were at times

in shadow, and it is a mistake to place a reading lamp just on the back wall side of a person's head especially when the illumination from the floats and side battens is weak.

Senior Play

The Senior Play, "The Monkey's Paw," is obviously written with the express purpose of producing a creepy feeling down the spine. On the whole, the cast worked very well together to achieve this end. Granted the limitations and weaknesses of the play, such as the jamming of the door in the last scene and the rather unnecessary prolonging of the agony of suspense in breaking up the play into three scenes, the cast were most successful in working up the situation in a consistent manner and maintaining the atmosphere of the play to the fall of the final curtain. The interpretation by Cyril Pyrez of the part of Mr. White seemed to me to be a very carefully thought out piece of work executed in a conspicuously able manner. There was a pleasing co-ordination of inflection of voice, movement and facial expression, even if at times the accents were a little mixed. Miss Nichols as Mrs. White made very good use of gesture, movement and of tone of voice, but the accent seemed a little incongruous with the surroundings and with the social status of the family. The Sergeant-Major was well portrayed by R. E. Jespersen, who played the part so easily and naturally that one was quite convinced that an arm had indeed been lost. We enjoyed with Herbert D. Healy the joke about "taking the bun." It was a pity that the wall did not extend far enough to "forward stage right," because on occasions the figure of a prompter appeared and almost looked over the mantelpiece. However, the Seniors were well entitled to the decision of the judges.

Looking back on the evening as a whole, I do not feel that any of the plays came up to the usual standard of the best performances on these occasions. Generally speaking, the plays selected were lacking in merit. I am fully conscious of the difficulty of choosing suitable one-act plays, for good one-act plays are as rare as good short stories, but there are still a few possible choices which have not yet been made in these competitions. I venture to recommend for future consideration such plays as Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon," "The Workhouse Ward," and "Coats"; St. John Hankin's "The Constant Lover," and Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen." However, the evening was a very enjoyable one, and with the judges' decision there was doubtless general agreement, although perhaps there might be grounds for debating one of the awards.

The University Orchestra nobly came to the rescue of a patient audience during the almost interminable intervals.

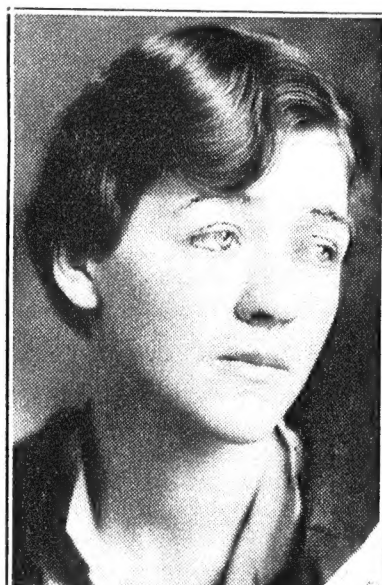
BEST ACTOR



CHRISTOPHER JACKSON

Who, by his portrayal of Captain McGregor in the Junior play, "The Drums of Oude," won the decision of the judges as best actor in the Inter-year Play Competition.

BEST ACTRESS



NONA NICHOLS

Who, for her portrayal of Mrs. White in the Senior play, "The Monkey's Paw," was adjudged the best actress in the Inter-year Play Competition.

BURY SPEAKS ON TRUE EDUCATION

Relationship Between God and Man Necessary to True Education

Mr. A. U. G. Bury, a member of the Advisory Board, proved a very interesting speaker at the S.C.M. meeting Thursday when he definitely expressed his opinion that no man is truly educated unless he knows and maintains the relationship between himself and God.

Mr. Bury divided his subject of "Religion and Education," dealing first with religion. There are many definitions of this term. The meaning of religion is a bond which binds us back to the Supreme Being. It exists because there is a complex of facts which is the source of this relationship. In turn this relationship leads to another complex of facts—the expression of ourselves in prayer, penitence and works of service. This then is religion—a relationship between ourselves and God.

The speaker next dealt with the subject of education. Education, contrary to the usual belief, is a leading out, not a putting in—a weaving of information with the faculties of the mind—an interpenetration of these two. What distinguishes man from animals is the existence of a religious tendency to find this relationship. Education should foster the ability to maintain the relationship—in fact, its maintenance is education.

It is a lamentable condition of our present-day life that our schools cannot devote time to religious education. What we need is a revival of simple religion, which should come first in all concerns of life. This is the opinion that many of the greatest men have held in time past and that many hold today.

Seniors Cop Shield Again In Dramatic Competition

Chris Jackson, Junior, Best Actor—Miss Nona Nichols, Senior, Best Actress—All Four Plays Go Over Big to Capacity House

With Convocation Hall packed to the doors, the eleventh annual inter-year play competition passed into history on Friday, Dec. 5. The capacity house was held from the start as comedy, near tragedy, infidelity, and grim eeriness flashed from the stage in quick succession.

The Warrior's Husband

To get the audience in the proper receptive frame of mind, the curtain-raiser was the Freshman play, "The Warrior's Husband," an exquisite modernization of a mythological masterpiece.

In "The Warrior's Husband," Hercules was portrayed completing that labor in which he secured the girdle of Venus from Hippolyte, the queen of the war-loving Amazons. But things were not quite as had been hitherto suspected, and the Freshman under the able supervision of Jim Binney, gave the world the low-down. To see characters hitherto shrouded in Olympian mists speaking in our everyday vernacular and being very human indeed, was a treat not to be missed. It is not the object of this write-up to criticize, but certainly Lewis Thomas should be mentioned in despatches for his very excellent portrayal of the title rôle.

The Junior Play

Then came the highly-touted much talked of Junior Play. And it must be confessed that as the curtain went up on a darkened stage and a moon-bathed minaret glimmered in the distance and a sullen drumming swelled and faded, the eerie mystery of India captivated even as hardened a rake as the writer. So started "The Drums of Oude." But the quiet mystery of India soon gave way to the enigmatic personality of Chris Jackson, who, looking just a wee bit sheepish in the garb of a Highland officer, carried the play over its rough spots, and worked up to an ending—that was completely shattered by lack of co-operation back-stage. Chris worked hard, and was compensated by the award of best actor. It must be noted in passing that the men in the Junior cast were certainly very unaccustomed to skirts (pardon me, kilts), as they walked to and fro gingerly, apparently suffering exquisite mental agonies conjecturing whether or not something was going to happen. (You know what I mean). But to get on.

Prince Gabby

The Sophomores were next in line with a semi-serious comedy entitled

"Prince Gabby," and being a very interesting situation in which a suave burglar finds himself trapped. As in the Frosh play of last year, Tim Byrne had the rôle of the master of the house, which part he played in his customary flawless manner. In the title rôle was John Farrell, who carried the burden of the lead admirably. Miss Priscilla Hammond completed the small but well trained cast. From the point of view of smoothness, of quick movement from start to finish, of rapidly picked up cues, no person can or will deny that the Sophomores were ahead of their competitors. The Seniors apparently won the award because their play was harder to put on, not because it was acted better.

The Seniors

Winding up a very delightful evening was the Senior production, "The Monkey's Paw." Written in a grim and superstitious frame of mind, the author works upon our latent though none-the-less present supernatural leanings, with a wild tale of a monkey's paw which would allow three people three wishes each, but no good would come of these wishes. The Seniors took a play which should have been done in one act, but had been split into three, and held their audience from start to finish. Cyril Pyrez was superb in his part, and deserved more credit than he got. Miss Nona Nichols, as the old mother, earned the laurels that went her way, and the remainder of the cast combined with these two to present a play in a way which brought the shield home to its customary resting-place.

Mrs. Hyndman, Prof. Adam and Dr. Keeping acted as judges. During the intermissions, the University Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Carmichael, kept the audience from realizing just how long they did have to wait.

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A STOCKY CUSTOMER

By Little Orphan Annie

"I cawn't beer it," sobs barman to policeman, on hearing this poem.)

"Allow me, please," the Stranger said, And stood me to a beer;

"I like your face," was my reply, "And pray what do you here?"

The Stranger turned a beetly red— His glass shook in his hand;

"Alas, the market got me, too," He said, with manner grand.

Now one beer to another led, And each paid in his turn.

(To learn the Stranger's escapade, You bet my ears did burn.)

A Tale is Told

At last some watery tears he shed (Thinning the amber froth).

"Never play the 'Change," quoth he, "The insidious behemoth!"

"Pop was a gentleman born and bred, My Mom, she was a lady;

We made some money out of land (And nary a deal was shady).

"We put our kale in Komfy Bed (The springs are snappy stuff).

The price went up and then went down— Ah, but our luck was tough.

"Trying to keep the family fed, My Pop went on the rocks;

Now he's busy breaking same —All this because of stocks.

"Dunno, I guess I lost my head, For when I'd won at crap,

I put my roll in Bent Hairpin, —Now that's gone off the map."

It's a Cop

The barman came with stealthy tread, A policeman in his wake;

The Stranger wept upon the bar (By now a salty lake.)

"I guess you'll have to take him, Ned,"

The barman told the cop. (The Stranger's tears came faster still;

The barman fetched his mop.)

It seemed the money was of lead, The Stranger had paid out;

He'd got it for some gilt-edged stock, Sold in a drinking bout.

L'Envoi

The scene has now be filled with dread;

The moral is quite clear: Leave stocks alone at any time, And most when drinking beer.

Thanks

You sat about the groaning board, Sixteen courses tucked away,

Recalled, with belching untoward: "Well, this is Thanksgiving Day."

Some sat on benches in the park, Or walked the hungry hours away

Sneered, beneath a load of cark: "Hell, this is Thanksgiving Day."

You'll stuff again on Xmas fare, And daily with a thousand greet-ings,

They'll mutter at the blatant blare, And curse it with resentful bleat-ings.

And would they be as dully grateful In the same complacent way?

Sure! And you'd be just as hateful, If they were you and you were they.

—JAF.

THE MORON

Sitting * * *
At organ recitals * * *
Listening to * * *
Music what is * * *
Music. * * *
Sitting * * *
While the mighty * * *
Bass drowns * * *
A chatter from * * *
Behind. * * *
Sitting * * *
Wondering at * * *
All them * * *
There pipes up * * *
Above. * * *
Wondering * * *
What plumber * * *
Got graft * * *
Putting them * * *
There. * * *
Wondering * * *
What painters * * *
Climbed up * * *
To paint them * * *
Pipes. * * *
Wondering * * *
Why other people * * *
Don't enjoy * * *
These recitals * * *
Like me. * * *
—Union of Gateway Morons.

Jack and Jill In Variations

By Anon.

Jack and Jill went up the hill To get a pail of water.

Jack fell down and broke his crown And Jill came tumbling after.

Milton would have used it as the theme for an immortal epic; with his weary head upon his hands as he wrote:

Of Jack's great fall from that high eminence, From which fell also his companion Jill, While they were climbing hither to a spring In hope that they might dip one sparkling cup Of water, and so quench their parching thirst, Sing, heavenly muse.

Whittier, with honest sorrow, would have sung:

Alas for Jack! alas for Jill! That fateful quest for mountain rill! And alas for any whom ill betide, Upon a treacherous mountain side! For all hard trials, the hardest lies In slipping when so near the prize.

Mrs. Hemans would have pointed out the moral in this way:

The boy stood there with his happy face Beside his sweetheart Jill, Within his bucket was no trace Of water from the hill. The father's unexpected call Alarmed the pretty Jill, And in their haste to answer him Both tumbled down the hill.

Tennyson would have sighed as he sung:

Rich sunshine fills the vale and hills, Two tender children, girl and brother, Start out to bring from the high spring A cup of water to their mother. "Hie, children, hie!" we hear her faint voice crying, "Yes, mother, yes," the children answer, hieing, hieing, hieing. O fate, O death! They feel my breath, For as they climb the rocky slope The brother slips, the sister trips, And shattered is the mother's hope. "Come, children, come," we hear her sad voice crying, "Come, children, come," the echo answers, dying, dying, dying."

And poor Robert Burns, with a heart full of sorrow, would have said with touching tenderness:

Ye birds that sing sae merrily, And bitterly bid me sweet good morrow, Wi' ye nae breathe some sadder note? Oh, ken ye not some sang o' sorrow? 'Twi' break my heart, unless thou'll cease To warble thus thy mirth and gladness, For my two e'en are fu' o' tears, And i' my heart is muckle sadness. Oft gaze I on the quiet hill, And see my bairns, my lass, my daughter, And her fair brother, gae to bring From yonder spring a cup of water. O birds, wi' ye nae mourn wi' me, O'er these, my bonnie girl and brother? Wi' ye nae bring me flowers and leaves, And help these hands their graves to cover?

Wordsworth would have been pleased with the simplicity of this story, though it would have troubled him to have ended it so tragically. Doubtless he would have said something like this:

He dwelt within a lowly cot, Beside a towering hill; A boy who shared his simple lot With his loved sister Jill. One day they wandered forth full gay, To find a mountain rill, At eventide they made their grave By this unfriendly hill.

Had he witnessed such a scene as this, dear Will Shakespeare would have fallen into a reverie:

Was it Jack or was it Jill? That is the question. Could it be Jill who pushed her brother down And caused that pail of water to be spilled, And that poor skull to crack in such a way And work such inconvenience? Oh, yes, 'twas Jill! No other. She only thought that she would end Those ills which at that instant did confront her And stir her spirit—'twas a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To give one push! To push! Perchance to fall herself! Ay, there's the rub. But in that deed she saw no cause of fear, Which to an act so treacherous and unwise, Should give a pause.

Longfellow would have made a kind of melodrama, something on this order:

And the setting sun descending Threw its light upon the mountain, To this slope went boy and maiden, Travelling toward a pool of water. Oh, the hard and treacherous hillside! Oh, the slippery, stony pathway! Fatal 'twas to many a brave one, Fatal, too, unto our hero. 'Neath his feet a trembling boulder Moved a little toward the valley; To the valley fell our hero. Quick the maiden's heart was beating, And without a moment's pausing, Thus aloud she spoke, declaring, "I will go where'er thou goest!" Then from off the self-same boulder Down the maiden cast her body. Thus departed girl and lover; In their death they're not divided.

Poe would never have taken this accident to Jack and Jill so much to heart, but in a half-reckless mood he would have written: Once upon a morning merry, Jack and Jill felt quite contrary, As they wandered forth together to fetch water from the hill. As they sauntered, acting badly, Jack began to speak most madly, And his temper was most sadly patterned after sister Jill; For his tasting she chastised him, gave a push and lost her balance, And both tumbled down the hill.

A BRETON CHURCH

Calm night about— The distant lights are things of beauty— But the snow, Dark azure to dark azure of the sky, Is dreamingly majestic. Over all the world Is peace tonight; The air upon the cheeks Feels like the cold lips of a satyr Whose blood may run to flame. All earth is quiet; The night is very calm.

—O. R. W.

DECEMBER NICHT

I have heard of a little church, Men builded it in olden times— They made its walls of stone from their fields And a great duke gave its chimes. Over the sea they ring As the evening settles clear, And the fishers, returning, sing To the melody which they hear. And their song repeats a story Told a million times, and yet again, That God is King of the waters And His hand will shelter all men.

—O. R. W.

Limp Lyrics No. 6

To My Lab Love (Med '40)

Can't you diagnose or guess The way I've been affected? All my efforts to express My love for you with some finesse Don't seem to click, I must confess To feeling quite dejected.

Perhaps a terminology Of antiseptic brand Will pierce your old biology And cursed physiology, Do leave your embryology And try to understand.

Look! My nerves and temperature Are frayed and out of place. Why is my resistance poor? Feel my pulse and say that your Prescription is a loving cure— Oh, make me your first case!

—JAF.

Rhapsody In Boo

A playful operetta fashioned in tripe for those who like it. Serve with plenty of salt. Tripe debunkers, please do not handle.

(Note: This is a phantasy of the sheltered life. The place is any seat of learning; time, now. Music is heard continuously throughout the production; it appears to come from a distance, probably from somewhere outside the learned precincts. Attention should be given not so much to the choice of the music as to its tempo and pitch.)

Two figures appear. The manner of one is shy, the attitude of the other confident and assured.

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo! Rah, rah! What are you crying for, little boy?

Boo-hoo! I can't sell my flowers! Why, I'll buy your gol-darned flowers, little boy.

And please, sir, who are you?

Oh, you must know me:

See my pipe, Hear me cheer: Rah, rah! I'm Simple Simon the Soph: watch my speed. It is very good of me to buy your little flowers.

Loud, fast music as S.S.S. smokes and cheers while the other figure watches speed and stands in awe, quite convinced. Latter exits. S.S.S. stops, looks confused, and presently starts to whimper.

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo! Hey, hey! What are you crying for, little boy?

Boo-hoo! I can't sell my flowers! Why, I'll buy your gol-darned flowers, little boy.

And please, sir, who are you?

Oh, you must know me:

I belong, See my pins, I'm Jolly Jack the Junior. Now that I have bought your flowers, perhaps you too May be a Sigh Moo Man (sh!)—some day.

Impressive music as J.J.J. counts pins to the envy of S.S.S. Latter exits, and J.J.J. looks about, a little confused and troubled. Enter doubt. Presently J.J.J. starts to whimper, obviously at doubts with life.

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo! Well, well! What are you crying for, little boy?

Boo-hoo! I can't sell my flowers. Why, I'll buy your gol-darned flowers, little boy.

And please, sir, who are you?

Oh, you must know me.

I am the student and committee-man. See how I work; Watch me pore over my books. I am Staid Osbert the Senior. These are my organizations. I am a part of them all. These are my scholarships; Oh, how I have worked! I have realized how serious and grim life is. This for your flowers: now run away and play.

A stately march as S.O.S. pores, sits on a number of committees, and

"A QUEST"

Close of another day, yet still I'm questing; Longing for fame, for ships to come ashore. Home I return to this my night of resting. That strong I may begin my task once more.

Some day my ships will all come home a-sailing; Back to the haven, laden with their store; Then I shall know the meaning of my toiling, And feel a joy I did not know before.

Thus do I fill each hour with youthful dreaming, Building my castles in the sands of time; Only at night to find that all my scheming Was just as futile as it was sublime.

Then do I pause to learn from life the reason, Why so much striving seems to be in vain: Slowly returns the answer in due season, Implanting joyful truth where doubt has lain.

Does happiness come always with possessing? Are goals the final test of work well done? Or do our joys come mostly in the questing; E'en though it may not mean the laurel won?

Ah! Now I've found the prize that I've been seeking; 'Tis not the laurel wreath nor far-off goal; But true success comes mainly in the questing, When I have tried to stay some helpless soul.

Where'er I stop to do a deed of kindness, Or some weak brother help with words of love; Then I begin a new world, in creating A realm that is akin to that above.

So I toil on, in spite of wind or shadow; Fearless to tread the path that leads to truth. Thus comes the dawn of every glad tomorrow; Thus I may reap the dreams of cherished youth.

—HAROLD B. RICKER.

awakes to the meaning of life. J.J.J. looks on with awe and respect for a moment, then exits. S.O.S. becomes troubled and doubtful, then starts to whimper.

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo! Come now, what are you crying for, little boy?

Boo-hoo! I can't sell my flowers. Why, I'll buy your flowers, little boy. And please, sir, who are you?

Oh, I'm your Alma Mater.

Here, I give you a sheepskin coat for your flowers.

And now that you have made such a good bargain, go And show your coat to your friends. You are very fortunate to have such a fine coat.

Slow, august music. Y.A.M. beats the time on a sheepskin drum. This has a fine effect on S.O.S., who rushes about showing off sheepskin. Chorus of fond parents may dance on at this point. They dote for a moment, then exit as does Y.A.M. S.O.S. then finds himself alone, looks about fearfully and begins to make bleating noises. Others of his kind enter and they bleat plaintively in chorus:

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo! Bah! Bah! And what are you crying for, little men?

Boo-hoo, we can't sell our flowers. Bah!

And who are you?

Please, sir, I am an Average Sort of Student.

And you?

I too am an A.S.S. Bah, bah! See my coat.

Well, you are all cut nicely to pat-

tern. I will buy your flowers, little men. I will make you the chorus in my new overproduction, "The Day after Tomorrow." You will all represent respected citizens and must do just as I say. Now, all together again. Bah, bah, boo-hoo-bah! You do that well. You have been good students. Your pay will be given you as dividends of safety and comfort.

And please, sir, who are you?

I am called the Three C's, Custom, Convention and Contempt.

(One seems doubtful and asks:)

Contempt for what?

For anything not cut to pattern, which means you. Out of line, please: I can not use you in my chorus.

Forward now. Boo-hoo, bah, bah, bah!

Three C's marches off, followed by A.S.S.'s cheering wildly. One remains, a little confused at being left thus. Then he smiles and sighs:

I shall keep my flowers. Perhaps they are not very nice ones, but they are mine.

The selling of them is not worth the effort.

I shall cry no more to sell my flowers.

The music swells into a gay dance tune and drowns out the sound of sheepskin drums which has been heard in the distance. One removes his sheepskin coat and wraps it carefully around his stock of Boos and Bahs. He lays the parcel on the ground and dances away lightly to chirps from a piccolo.

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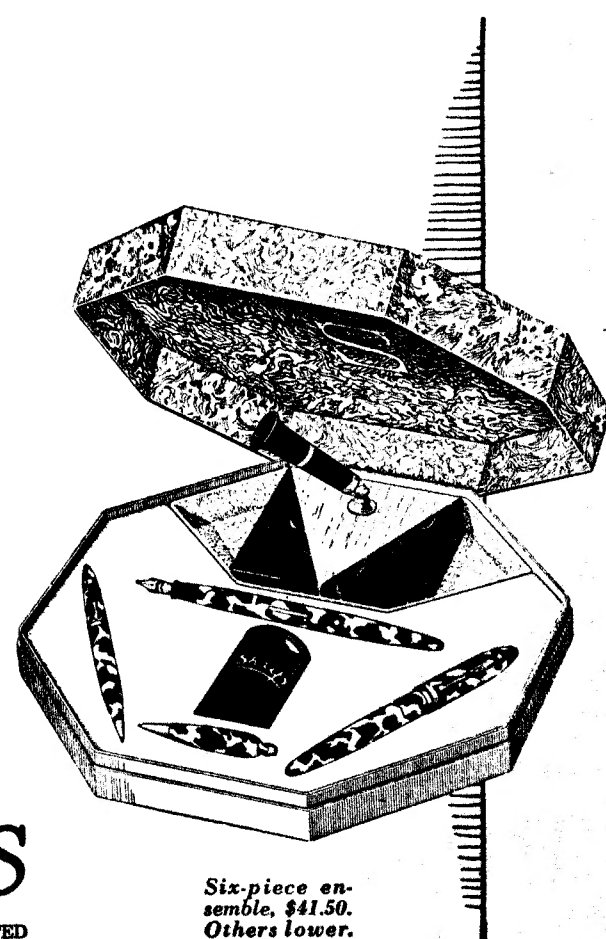
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SPORTS



Varsity Defeats Forty-Ninth In Thrilling Game, 4-3

Al Hall Scores Winning Tally in Dying Moments of Game—Varsity Boys Well Worth the Win, Show Fine Team Play

Varsity won their first Senior Hockey League game when Al Hall sizzled a shot past McNabb with but one minute to go. They took the Forty-ninth into camp to the tune of 4-3 in a game full of thrills. It was a nip and tuck battle all the way, but Varsity's superior team play gave them a fine victory. It was a good game to win.

The Forty-ninth took the lead shortly after the game began, when Bowen scored on Ross from a scrimmage near Varsity's goal. However, Varsity came right back, and Montgomery scored a neat goal on a well-placed pass from Johnny Dorsey. It was a beautiful piece of team-play and McNabb didn't have a chance to save. The Forty-ninth again took the lead when Stan Ferris, after a nice rush, gave Bowen a pass that resulted in a goal. At this time Stan Ferris became soft-hearted and scored on his own team after receiving a pass from Wright. Both teams hit a hot clip, and McNabb had work to do stopping shots by Hall and King. Halfway through the third period

Freddie King stick-handled his way down the ice and scored on a beautiful shot to put Varsity ahead 3-2. The soldiers, however, were not to be denied, and Colville scored a neat goal from the side. From then on the game was hot and heavy, until "Long Al" Hall took the puck, skated the length of the ice and scored on a sizzling shot to the corner of the net.

For Varsity Hall was outstanding. His rushes were always a source of worry to the soldiers, and his defence play with Montgomery was of the best. Tollington, King and Dorsey did very well, and they are a neat trio of forwards. Wright, Willens and Pinkney showed up well, too. In fact, all the boys did their bit and were worth the win.

McTavish, Bowen, Stan Ferris and McNabb turned in fine performances for the soldiers.

The lineup: Forty-ninth: McNabb, Dunn, Ferris, Bowen, McTavish, Colville, Dame, Copeland, G. Ferris.

Varsity: Ross, Montgomery, Hall, King, Tollington, Dorsey, Willens, Pinkney and Wright.

HOCKEY COACH



CHRIS FRIDFINNISON

Of the world champion Winnipeg Falcons of 1920-21, who is coaching Varsity's senior hockey team this year and producing results.

The Varsity team played fine basketball with excellent passing and accurate shooting.

In a very few minutes Jo Kopta scored the first basket, and Helen Ford followed with two more. Barnett added four more points with a basket and two free shots. The Cubs' shots went wide, and they also missed a free shot, so at quarter time the score stood at 10-0 for Varsity.

An excellent shot by Molly Mickelson of the Cubs began the second quarter, but after that the ball stayed under the Cubs' basket with Varsity scoring constantly. Kinney starred here, adding 2 points with one especially good long shot. Morrison, Mahaffy and Barnett also scored, making it 24-2 at half-time.

In the third quarter little scoring was done. The Cubs fumbled considerably, and missed a free shot. Ford threw a splendid basket, and Melynky and Fry brought the score to 30-2.

Varsity points went up quickly in the last quarter. Ford, Mahaffy, Kinney and Kopta were conspicuous. Mickelson played a fair game, but was unable to add to the Cubs' score. The final score was 40-2 Varsity.

Helen Ford and Margaret Kinney did most of the scoring, Mickelson being the only notable player for the Cubs.

Varsity lineup—Kopta, Melynky, Ford, Fry, Morrison, Mahaffy, Barnett, Kinney, McMahon, and Linke.

Cubs—M. Mickelson, Spaner, L. Mickelson, Wiseman, Riskin, Cohen, Rudolf, Ramelson and Newhouse.

Referees—Dunc. Marshall, Merton Keel.

Timekeeper—Fred Tyler.

IMPLS TAKE CLOSE GAME FROM VARSITY

Graves Scores Winning Goal in Overtime—Varsity Has Better of Play

Varsity dropped a hard-fought battle to the Imperials of Tuesday, when Lefty Graves batted in a rebound off Ross's pads early in the overtime period. A large crowd composed of many Varsity supporters, witnessed a fast and furious encounter. Both Varsity and Imperials had one win to their credit and were out to repeat.

Though the Imperials had the edge on work around the goal, Varsity had decidedly more of the play. A little more finish in front of their opponent's goal and a little more smoothness in clearing from our own goal, and we'll be in the game with the leaders at the end of the season.

Varsity's forwards showed a fine spirit of co-operation and worked together well. Evidences of good coaching have been apparent in both games to date. We know if Chris Fridfinnson has the material to work with he'll produce a winner.

In the first period Hague and Stan Moher scored for the Green and White boys, and Al Hall put one in for Varsity. Play was quite fast, and fans witnessed a succession of fast rushes.

Varsity came on even terms in the second period when Johnny Dorsey belted one in. Then, the ice getting softer and the puck harder to control, the teams battled on an even basis through the third period.

Early in the overtime period Groves scored, and though Varsity threw four and five men to the attack the Imperial defence held.

King, Montgomery and Hall look good. Freddie King at centre is fooling the forwards in grand style. If he'll slip a pass out when he has a couple of opponents dazzled, it will help.

Bill Montgomery has been playing on defence this year and looks good. His rushes are always dangerous. Al Hall, as ever, continues to be the mainstay of the team. Tollington, a new recruit, looks good.

The recruit from junior ranks, Herbie Horne, starred for the Imperials. Bill Broadfoot is becoming quite a colorful player—when he gets the puck the crowd takes notice.

Lineups: Varsity—Goal, Ross; defence, Hall and Montgomery; forwards, King, Dorsey and Tollington; Pinkney, Wright and Willens. Imperials—Castagner, Power, Broadfoot, H. Horne, Collingwood, Moher, Grove, Hague and P. Horne.

SPORTING SLANTS

The opening game of the Senior Hockey League was a grand start—lots of action, fast play, a few goals and a good scrap! There seems to be a good blood between the Imperials and the Superiors.

Two former Varsity players did themselves proudly. Rollie Hills and Bill Broadfoot were putting their shoulders to opposing forwards in quite the approved fashion. They also rushed well.

The wise ones were fooled when the Superiors came off the ice with the low end of the score.

Another big surprise was Varsity's fine start. Except to a few who had seen the workouts, the result was quite a surprise. But to those who had been following the workouts through which Chris Fridfinnson had been putting the boys, the result was not so surprising. Varsity's forwards showed a fine understanding of the situation, and with a little more finish in front of the goal will be up among the leaders at the end of the season.

Both defensively and on the attack Al Hall played a wonderful game. His rushing was a treat to behold, and few got by him on attacks.

Freddie King is a valuable acquisition at centre. As a stick handler he brings back to us memories of the great Duke Keats. But he might pass the puck a little more freely.

Tuesday night's fixture was one of the best games we've seen in some time. We'd like to advise those with Athletic Booklets that they're missing something if they aren't taking in these games. While it has always been our opinion that sports should stand on their own feet without artificial stimulation, we still urge you to come and see one game. If you do, we believe you'll come to more.

Just a word or two about the new "Senior Hockey League." In the first place we don't know much about it and don't understand it, being left slightly dizzy upon reading rather contradictory statements in the columns of a daily paper. Looking at it from Varsity's standpoint, it doesn't look so hot. A player upon signing up in the B Senior League cannot be used in the A League. Thus Varsity, who is trying to develop a team in the A League (and who has not had much senior material for years) will not be able to use in the A League any players who may prove good in the B. If instead of a B league being formed they had been classed as intermediates, any outstanding player could have been transferred to the senior team.

Another thing—games are to be played at the Arena in this B loop. Isn't it a joke to see Varsity and the Normal with a rink in their own backyard trekking miles to the north-east to play on the Arena—whose ice surface is so large that it makes any but the best hockey looked darned slow?

And another thing—this year Varsity has a team which looks to be a serious threat for the title of the A loop. Chris Fridfinnson has the makings of a real hockey team, and if he gets half a break he'll make one too—but now all players in the B circuit are lost to him.

And yet one more thing—Varsity has had about a ten-day lay-off now. They spring one game on us during exam times, when some can't play, and to make things worse one game on Dec. 30 and one on Jan. 1 when the boys from out-of-town want to be home. Either we forfeit games or forfeit holidays. The point we're trying to arrive at is why, if we're going to get ten days of idleness anyway, can't they be put in a place where they'll do somebody some good. Of course the league moguls

threaten to bar us from the league, etc. But we don't see so many clubs of ability in town to take our place. The 49th don't seem to be able to pick up a flock of A1 hockey players.

We'd like to appeal to all and sundry to give the hockey team a break this year. Chris Fridfinnson is sure he has the stuff to make good. Let's give the team a little support!

It was a tough game to drop to the Imperials on Tuesday. Varsity really did have an edge on the play and deserved a win.

Christmas Greetings to the Faculty and Students

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LIBRARY DELEGATES HOLD CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

periodicals, which treat a book as a contribution to literature, science or the arts, and those in newspapers and magazines, which treat it as a piece of news. Both are useful, but neither is wholly reliable from a librarian's point of view.

"For the average small library the lists published by the A.L.A. and various library commissions in United States, and in the Ontario Library Review, are the most satisfactory.

"Where larger lists than the A.L.A. Booklet or the Ontario Library Review are wanted, the Book Review Digest may be added. This gives extracts from reviews in the leading newspapers and periodicals, indicating by an X or a — whether the reviews as a whole are favorable or unfavorable.

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"All of these, with the U.S. Catalogue and the Cumulative Book Index, are here, and you are invited to inspect them."

Following the morning conference of Dec. 10, a luncheon was held in St. Joseph's College. The visiting delegates were the guests of their Edmonton friends. At this luncheon, Mr. John Ridington delivered a brief but very interesting address.

Education and Training in Industry

Mr. A. A. Barton, of Swift Canadian Co., Edmonton, opened the afternoon session with a talk on "Education and Training in Industry." In his opening remarks, he observed that modern business needs all the brain-power it can obtain. He went on to say:

"Industry is showing unmistakably its recognition of the part played by education in the successful conduct of its business. The magnitude of commerce demands a higher order of

PHILOSOPH HEARS FISHER ON GEORGE III

Humorous Discourse as George III Taken For a Ride—Comparisons Drawn

The Philosophical Society met for the second afternoon meeting of the session on December 10, in 142 Med. Mr. J. Fisher, of the Department of English, taking for his subject "George III and Lord North," spoke very delightfully in his usual humorous manner.

It seems that Mr. Fisher thought that George III was not quite as good a king as he might have been. True, he was a good farmer, but as the King of England he had done much evil both there and abroad. And in George's misdeeds, Lord North was accessory to the fact. George tried to establish an autocracy in England, and bent all his powers to the achievement of that end.

The age of George the Third was a bit different to ours. It was the golden age of Oratory—but it was also the golden age of mobs and rioting. And it was the age of

intelligence than ever before, and in endeavoring to meet these demands has adopted two methods of acquiring it. First, by using graduates of high schools, colleges, etc., so as to have men with a better educational background, and secondly, by educating those already within its ranks."

Observing that great strides are now being made along the lines of definite instruction, Mr. Barton went on to say:

Emphasizing the value of reading led to the promotion of a reading contest among the various members of Swift's. The University library co-operated magnificently, and supplied the demand for books. Each contestant was required to read five books, and it is significant to note that the contestants were very anxious to read other books, especially biographies and sciences.

Mr. Barton, in concluding, said: "In short, co-operation follows as a matter of course in all that pertains to the running of the business. An organization of educated employees is sure to be efficient. This is the management's reward."

High Postal Rates

Following Mr. Barton, Miss Hazel Bletcher, librarian of the Lethbridge Public Library, read a paper on "Postal Rates on Books."

Unfortunately there are not many who need to take advantage of the cheaper rate for the twenty mile radius. Calgary reports only one member within that district, as the country around Calgary is very sparsely populated. In our experience in Lethbridge, while we have about fifty members within that radius, the majority of them come to town by motor and exchange them personally. Thus it is the people farther removed that need the books even more than those close in upon whom the heavier rate of the existing postage law falls. Good service is being done, but library service is cramped by book costs, and must be considered inadequate.

The book rate is, of course, not responsible entirely for this condition, nor will its elimination be a complete cure, but there is no doubt the elimination of this cost would do very much to promote a more general use of books in rural districts. The city library is compelled in justice to its own ratepayers to charge a small fee varying from one to two dollars a year (for a proportion for a shorter length of time). For the average person who changes his books regularly the cost will be from two to four cents a book. This is nothing in comparison with the postage which averages about 20c a book (that is for sending out and returning it). You will readily understand why it is that when inquiries are made as to the arrangements for loaning books when it comes to the matter of book postage cost, the inquirer shakes his head and says it is too expensive. Others will start optimistically, but when they find how it works out will drop out later. Without the book postage cost the rural member would be able to borrow on pretty much the same basis as the town member. Just in this connection, I might say that the experience of libraries is that its rural members read a much larger percentage of non-fiction than do its city members.

We have in Alberta a population made up of many foreign elements. There is no better way of Canadianizing foreigners than through making them familiar with their new country's literature and ideals. This is a side of library service that seems to me very important both in the city and outside of it; but the average foreigner when he takes up land in Alberta is seldom in a position to indulge himself in what he would call at the present postage cost, luxuries in the form of books, and yet the winter months would provide him ample opportunity for making use of such privileges if they were within his means.

There is another matter to be noted in going into the cost of book postage, and that is the unfair discrimination against books in favour of newspapers and periodicals. They also contain a large amount of advertising matter, for which the publisher is well paid. Beyond a few book notices the book contains no advertising matter. Yet magazines are carried at the rate of 4c a pound anywhere in Canada. This ruling seems an unfair one.

Reduction in book rates has already been tried out in the United States, and good results reported. This is suited from a strong campaign. In making a plea for a change in postal rates we are not asking for something whose usefulness has not already been tried out and found beneficial.

change. The people wanted a change, but George stood at the parting of the ways and tried to keep everyone in the old path. We see in that age the beginnings of humanitarianism. And well the movement might begin, for over two hundred crimes were punishable by death. Slavery was abolished, or rather attempts were made to abolish it, though they were not very successful.

From his earliest years George had heard his mother say, "George, be King!" And those words must have conveyed a good deal to the young man, for all his life he tried to carry that order out. He spent the first ten years of his reign finding Lord North, where he had a rather hard time, being called a blundering blockhead by his master. He did finally graduate, and immediately went into politics. His rise was slow but sure. George noticed him and decided that here was a young man that he could use.

Then began George's efforts to conduct personal government in England. He filled the House with his own supporters. And his supporters were many, for at that time the country was full of "rotten boroughs"—and George owned more than his fair share of them. Besides he spent all his personal income in providing sinecures for his followers. We find such offices as the "King's Turnspit" and "Envoy Extraordinary to Savoy" being filled with courtiers who delegated any duties that might be attached to these offices to obsequious secretaries. The King's custom officers could vote—and did vote and George always saw that they voted for a man who would support him, when he finally reached the House of Commons. On the whole, George had corruption organized to perfection.

From 1770 to 1779 Lord North was the right hand man of the King. He faced such men as Burke, Fox and Chatham, was the butt of their satire because of his uncouth personal appearance, and their toy when it came to debate, but they were not able to remove him from office, for the King was behind him. North often wanted to resign, but the King would not let him. He felt that he could not carry on further on many occasions, but George would pay his personal debts, or give him an estate, and the King's first minister would carry on.

But North did finally resign when York fell in 1779. The attacks on him were so bitter that he could carry on no longer, and tendered his resignation to the King. If he had stayed by George in this time of trouble, George would have fought the House to the last ditch, but with North gone a change soon came in the House of Commons. The Whigs brought in their measures, and passed them. This spelled doom for the attempts of the King to make England submit to his personal government. Vicious autocracy had raised its head in England, but it was crushed before it had gained more than the shadow of a foothold.

VARSITY GAINS DOUBLE VICTORY AT BASKETBALL

Men's Senior and Intermediate Teams Score Decisive Wins Last Thursday

Senior Game

Varsity Seniors defeated the Old Timers, boasting such players as George Parney and Ken and John Crozier, to the score of 61-22. Bill Shandro's machine worked smoothly and efficiently, and piled up points at will. Mert and Gordon Keel, with 25 and 19 points apiece, were high scorers for Varsity, and look like a pair of go-getters.

Lineup: Old Grads—George Parney, Clarence Greenlees, John Crozier, Ken Crozier, F. Gauda, R. L. Haliburton, Hugh John Macdonald.

Varsity—Pullishy, Wayne, Matkin, Mert Keel, Gordon Keel, A. Donaldson, B. Craig, A. Carscullen, H. Killick.

Referee—Bill Douglas.

Intermediate Game

By the overwhelming score of 47-9 the Intermediates defeated the Y. M. C. A. hoopers. Richards, the start track man, showed a fine game with 14 points to his credit. Miller scored 15 to help the good cause.

The Y team showed lack of organization.

Varsity—Coffin, Killick, Marshall, Wood, Irwin, Balfour, Richards, Miller, Kennedy and Cameron.
Y.M.C.A.—Ball, Mellin, Sherman, Bryant, Hunter, Hester, Hanley.
Referees—Bill Douglas and Dunc Marshall.

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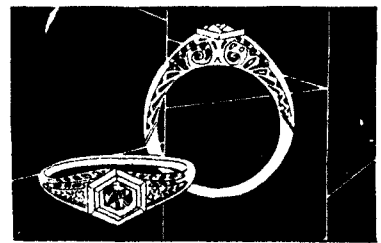
Added Comedy Feature
"DANGEROUS DAN McGREW"
Helen Kane in a Mirthful, Melodious Comedy packed with Laughs

Commencing Sat., and Monday
GARY COOPER in
"THE SPOILERS"

Rex Beach's Famous out-door novel is now a triumph of the Talking Screen.

Showing Tues. and Wed.
RAMON NAVARRO in
"THE CALL OF THE FLESH"

"The Management of the Princess Theatre extends to you best wishes for a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."



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A diamond engagement ring that meets every standard of quality and appearance, and yet does not cost too much, is easy to find if you come to Birks. Our engagement ring prices start at twenty-five dollars.

Solitaire diamond, 18-kt. pierced white gold mount, \$25.00.

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WE WISH THE STUDENTS AND MEMBERS
OF THE UNIVERSITY STAFF

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year



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A GIFT FROM ESSERY'S
WILL ALWAYS PLEASE

May We Suggest—

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Garments of elegant texture, faultlessly tailored. Silk girdle and facings. For Mr. Man at home.
At \$18.00 to \$27.50

BROADCLOTH PYJAMAS

In pastel shades, with collars, facings, and cuffs of contrasting tones.
At \$2.75 to \$10.00

SILK-AND-WOOL HOSE

Neatly clocked and reinforced at heel and toe. In neat patterns or solid colors.
75c, \$1.00, \$1.50

BROADCLOTH SHIRTS

Your choice of collar-attached or two-to-match models. Small stripes or pastel shades.
\$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00

SMOKING JACKETS

Of fine wool with plaid collars and cuffs. Patch pockets. Frogeed front. A debonair garment.
\$9.00 and up

HAND-TAILORED TIES

Beautiful Neckwear in all the new stripes and figures. A large range to choose from. All wool-lined.
At \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

SILK MUFFLERS

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FINE GLOVES

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SILK HOSIERY

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Priced at 35c, 50c and 75c

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We are featuring a beautiful three-piece Suit, smartly tailored in the newest model at

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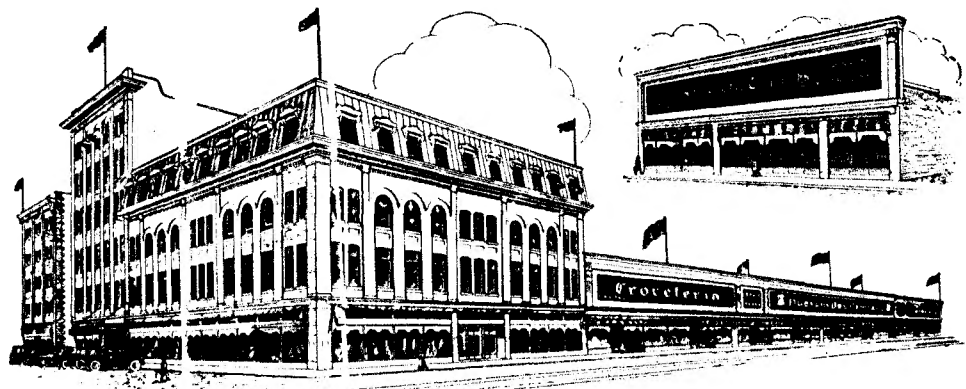
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—AND THERE IS SATISFACTION IN GIVING GIFTS SELECTED AT THIS STORE BECAUSE THEY WILL BE INSTANTLY RECOGNIZED AS

GIFTS OF QUALITY

(Continued on Page 10)

BOHEMIAN GIRL HAS GOOD CAST

Opera of Same Type as Carmen
—Cast of 85

Practices for "The Bohemian Girl", the Glee Club's major production, are well under way in spite of being held up for the time being by examinations. The Glee Club, in presenting this opera, is taking a step forward, for it is of the same class as the well known operas Tannhäuser, Carmen and Faust. It is the first time work of this type has been tried here, and it already promises great success. The Glee Club is fortunate in being able to secure this opera in a form that can be presented by amateurs yet loses nothing of the original beauty and musical value. It may well be said that "no other light opera has ever enjoyed

the popularity of Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl.' The charming ballads, stirring dramatic action, brilliant choruses and general romantic flavor have won and held a deserved favor outlasting innumerable other more pretentious works."

Cast Well-Known

The cast has been chosen as far as possible from the Glee Club itself, and includes several well known figures. Bill Wheatley as Count Arnheim, an aristocrat of the brilliant Austrian court, promises even greater possibilities than last year—when, it will be remembered, he played the part of John, the bashful lover, who eventually won out, in "The Lucky Jade." Mr. Wheatley's rich melodious voice will be remembered by all who heard him last year.

The part of Thaddeus, a Polish exile, and the romantic hero of the story, will be taken by Ed Nepstad, a newcomer to Varsity, but not unknown to Edmonton audiences who have listened to him. Cyril Pyrez as Florestin, the Count's nephew, is already well known to Varsity circles by the tremendous success scored by him as "Mr. White" in "The Monkey's Paw." He also played the part of Ted, one of the college boys in "The Lucky Jade." Devilshoof, the Gypsy Chief, will be ably portrayed by Gordon Sprague, also a newcomer, but well known for his solo work in Calgary. Arthur Thorpe, already famous as Colonel Bugg in "The Crimson Star" and Downs in "The Lucky Jade," will take the part of the "Captain of the Guard."

The part of Arline, the heroine, will be ably portrayed by Eleanor McPhee, formerly of Lethbridge, and at present soprano soloist at First Presbyterian Church in Edmonton. Mrs. Bowstead, wife of Prof. Bowstead, is already well known to Varsity circles as Mammy Liza in "The Lucky Jade," and for parts in other productions. She will take the role of the Gypsy Queen in "The Bohemian Girl."

Total Cast 85

In addition to these there will be a chorus of nobles, soldiers, gypsies, retainers and peasants. The whole cast will number about 85, including Glee Club and Orchestra. Mr. Nichols already has the chorus work under way in the Glee Club, while Mrs. Carmichael is working on the orchestration with the Varsity Orchestra. Mr. T. Dalkin, of the Little Theatre Movement, has again consented to act as director of dramatics, and after the New Year will start on the stage rehearsals. It is expected that "The Bohemian Girl" will be produced at the end of February.

A "WORLD" OF

GIFTS

FROM THE WORLD OVER

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Christmas Cards

THAT HAVE

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McCUTCHON'S

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10162 101st Street
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The Management and
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The Capitol Beauty Parlors

Extend Best Wishes to the
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STRATHCONA HIGH SCHOOL

Alumni Ball

WILL BE HELD IN

MACDONALD BALL ROOM

December 30th—9 to 12 p.m.

TICKETS OBTAINABLE AT THE TUCK SHOP

Open to All—\$1.00 Each

Christmas Greetings



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SOME OF THE OUTSTANDING PICTURES
FOR THE COMING YEAR

HOWARD HUGHES'
\$4,000,000.00 MARVEL
"Hell's Angels"

D. W. GRIFFITH
PRESENTS
"ABRAHAM
LINCOLN"

"TOL'ABLE
DAVID"
With
Richard Cromwell

Gloria Swanson
in
"WHAT A
WIDOW"

XMAS WEEK
"CHARLEY'S
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XMAS WEEK
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TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR
"STUDENTS SPECIAL
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EVENINGS, 35c PLUS TAX
EXCEPT SATURDAY

The Management and Staff Extends to Students and
Faculty of the University its Best Wishes for a Merry
Christmas and a Happy New Year

LIBRARY DELEGATES HOLD CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 9)

In concluding, I hope I have been able to bring out to this conference the urgent need of a drastic change in our book postal regulations, and I would ask that the conference consider requesting the Dominion Government for a complete elimination of rates on books for library circulation. We have seen by the example of our neighbors that something can be done by lowering the rates—a great deal more can be done by withdrawing entirely. If the conference does nothing else it will have been well worth while if we secure practical results along these lines.

Nine Resolutions

In closing the afternoon conference, nine important resolutions were made. They were as follows:

1. Resolution on a Library Association:

Resolved, that an Alberta Library Association be now formed, whose aims shall be the promotion of a province-wide library service, and the encouragement of the co-operative effort of all library and educational agencies in the attainment of these ends.

(Constitution and organization are appended as adopted by the Conference.)

2. Resolution on Representation of organizations other than Libraries in the work of the Library Association:

Resolved, that the Executive Council of the Library Association be instructed to arrange with provincial organizations for their representation in the councils of the Association.

3. Resolution on Responsibility for Library Policy:

Resolved, that this Conference, having regard to the importance of central direction of the policies governing the library services of the Province, do respectfully request that the Provincial Government designate a minister, to whom the specific responsibility for the promotion and direction of library service shall be entrusted, as a recognized part of the duties of his office.

4. Resolution on Library Legislation:

Whereas no provision is made in the Libraries Act of the Province to enable Public Libraries to enter into contractual agreements for the purpose of conducting extension services; and whereas no recognition is given to voluntary library organizations in the said Act; and whereas many ambiguities are to be found in this Act:

Committee of the Provincial Library

Be it resolved that the Executive Association draw up recommendations to be placed before the responsible Minister of the Crown, looking towards a complete revision of the Act, with particular regard to obtaining dollar for dollar assistance for voluntary libraries; the inclusion of a clause giving power to Public Library Boards to enter into agreements for the conduct of extension services, and in general to give wider powers to Library Boards for the purpose of co-operation in the interests of library service.

5. Resolution on School Libraries:

Whereas there is a serious waste and lack of co-ordination in the establishment and maintenance of school libraries throughout the Province which, in the opinion of this Conference, is detrimental to the education of public and high school students; and whereas no grant is made by the Provincial Government for school libraries, except in the case of new schools, thus placing full responsibility for the creation of school libraries on individual school boards; and whereas there is a very definite need for systematic and intelligent selection and distribution of books for supplementary reading by pupils in both public and high schools:

Be it resolved that this Conference respectfully urge on the Provincial Government the necessity for the immediate restoration of Government aid for school library purposes, and the desirability of administering government aid to school libraries in accordance with modern practice and needs.

6. Resolution on Library Training:

Whereas this Conference is convinced of the need of library education, it is urged that a course in library work be included in the curricula of all Provincial Teacher Training institutions.

7. Resolution on Postal Charges on Books:

Resolved that one of the first duties of the Executive Committee shall be to approach the Federal Government on the elimination of postal rates on books circulated by libraries, or on books circulated between libraries and a general reduction in book rates.

8. Resolution on Annual Conference:

Resolved that the Alberta Library Association hold a Conference annually and that the next Conference be held in Calgary at a date to be set by the executive.

9. Resolution on Publications:

Resolved that the Executive Committee of the Alberta Library Association make representations to the Provincial Government for the purpose of having the proceedings of this First Provincial Conference on Library Service published by the Government as a public document.

The conference closed the morning of the eleventh, with a visit to the city libraries.

CANADIANS DEFEAT VARSITY 6-2

Varsity "B" team dropped their first game of the season to the Canadians. The game, played at the Arena on Tuesday, showed Varsity's lack of condition and unfamiliarity with a large ice surface.

Varsity's lineup: Anderson, Mead, Britton, Neely, Burgess, Herron, McConnell, Kinneer, Badner, and Thompson.

ANNUAL VARSITY BALL DECEMBER 29

Fourth Annual Dance Promises
to be Gay Affair

The following announcement appearing in the Calgary papers will be of particular importance to students intending to holiday in the southern part of the province:

"The Alumni Association of the University of Alberta, Calgary Branch, announces the Fourth Annual Varsity Ball in the Palliser Hotel, Monday, Dec. 29th. Jimmy Holden and his Palliser Hotel Orchestra."

The Calgary Varsity Ball has become one of the social highlights of the southern city and a keenly anticipated affair by the younger set. The demand for tickets has been so great in past years that the attendance has to be limited. The committee in charge have again decided to limit the attendance to four hundred, so Varsity students intending to attend are advised to make their reservations early.

V. T. S.

By Le Bom

A SENTIMENTAL ATTEMPT

Hunched o'er tables they discuss all
Sciences, Philosophies of Life,
Mysterious theories, so obscure
To that common mould of clay—
Called "Man!"

Man!—Forgotten being of a dim past
So far below this present state—
Until a co-ed's shapely form
Goes by—Then quickly looking up—
Oh Damn!

Fast fall those mansions of the mind;
The girl must eat, and chivalry
Will reign supreme. Resist those
charms?
The Thinkers ponder not a whit.
Who can?

They drop into the slot their base
Material coin—and blessed Orpheus
Booms forth upon a smoky atmosphere.
Yet after all—why not? There is
No ban.

And so it goes from year to year,
A meeting place for clique and clan;
But for me—a sentimental promise
too,
Because 'twas there I first did meet
"My Nan."

CAPT. DON RAMSAY A CASUALTY

As we go to press, we learn that the gallant Capt. Don Ramsay of the C.O.T.C. was married last Saturday evening, with George Bryan as his best man. The best wishes of The Gateway are extended to him and his bride, Miss Elsie Westcombe.

The World at Large—Gateway,
January 20, 1911

President Lowell, of Harvard, who is proving to be well worthy of the mantle of his illustrious predecessor and a most courageous critic of respectable abuses in the college world, has again been attracting attention. This time it is "organized cheering" and the ragtime music to which the American student is addicted that Dr. Lowell condemns. And indeed, however thunderous the sound produced, it is hard to have any patience with such a travesty on cheering as the "organized" variety offers. Some

time before the Harvard-Yale football match, for instance, it is customary to gather as many students as possible, and, leaders having been appointed, these train their pupils in the systematic production of human noise. During the game the result is rhythmically deafening, but this machine-made din simply kills the excitement of the game would naturally and properly give rise. It is to be hoped that President Lowell's protest on behalf both of spontaneity in cheering and of cultivated music will be widely heard and at least to some extent effective.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS!

If it is not on this list—come in and look around

Kodaks, Snapshot Albums, Safety Razors, Shaving Sets, Manicure Sets, Flashlights, Ash Trays, Fountain Pens, Perfume, Hair Brushes, Eversharp Pencils, Cards and Case, Handbags, Boxed Stationery, Thermos Bottles, Boxed Chocolates, Bridge Sets, Cutex Sets.

COWLES' DRUG STORE

PHONE 32225

SOUTH SIDE, WHYTE AVE.

Season's Greetings



To the Students and Faculty
of the University we extend
our Sincerest Wishes for a
Very Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
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GIFTS THAT BRING COSY COMFORT DURING STUDY HOURS

GIVE HER ONE OF THESE LOVELY QUILTED KIMONOS

Leisure moments may be as smartly fashionable as tea hour, and much more gracious and feminine. And these beautiful new gift kimonos verify that statement. She will revel in the gorgeous richness of the satin and enjoy the cosy warmth of quilted down interlining.

—Picture, if you can, gorgeous quilted brocaded silk kimonos in pastel shades of orchid, rose, green, blue and black, with turned back frilled cuffs with corded silk girdles to match. Priced at.....\$13.50
—Equally as fascinating are those of quilted black satin with large motif floral designs on the back and skirt in oriental blue, gold or rose. Revers, cuffs and front ties in shades to match. Priced at.....\$22.50
—Many other charmingly pretty kimonos or bathrobes of genuine Beacon cloth in novelty designs. Priced at.....\$6.50, \$7.00 and \$8.00

AMONG INTIMATE GIFTS—THE LINGERIE SECTION

Are Crepe de Chine Dance Sets at \$3.75!

The recipient of one of these dainty soft shimmering crepe de chine sets will surely dance with joy after opening gift packages Christmas morning. They are made with French panties with bandeau to match; trimmed with fine lace and lingerie ribbon buds. Come in lovely pastel shades. Priced at.....\$3.75

Dainty Crepe de Chine Bed Jackets at \$2.95

These thoughtful gifts come in fine quality soft finished crepe de chine in shades of pink, peach, orchid, blue, maize, and white, lace trimmed and finished with ribbon tie and lingerie buds. Priced at.....\$2.95

Girls' Kayser Lok-Ray Gift
Pyjamas at \$2.95

Lok-Ray is a special Kayser process of Knitted Rayon vastly superior to the ordinary quality. These pyjamas come in lovely two-tone effects featuring a tuck-in blouse with jaunty flaring trousers with contrasting inserts in the leg. Specially priced.....\$2.95

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Give him something he has always wanted

Any man who has ever come into possession of one of these home comforts owes it to the thoughtfulness of his wife, sister, or fiancée, and you can rest assured he prizes it more than anything in his wardrobe.

MEN'S ALL WOOL HOUSE COATS in neat check patterns in brown and grey. Neatly trimmed with inlay and silk cord. Sizes 36 to 44. Priced at.....\$9.00

FINE QUALITY BLACK VELVET HOUSE COATS with silk trim and shawl collar. Full silk lining. Sizes 36 to 44. Priced at.....\$19.50

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A WARM AND SERVICEABLE ALL-WOOL BATH ROBE comes in neat check patterns in grey and brown. Have long shawl collar and neatly trimmed with inlay and silk cord, and silk girdle. Sizes 36 to 44, at.....\$13.50

JAEGER BATH ROBES of fine all wool cloth in neat check patterns. Trimmed with silk cord and silk girdle. Sizes 36-44. \$17.00, \$20.00

MEN'S SILK DRESSING GOWNS in pretty designs and new colorings. Self or contrasting trim and have silk girdles. From \$12.00 to \$25.00

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